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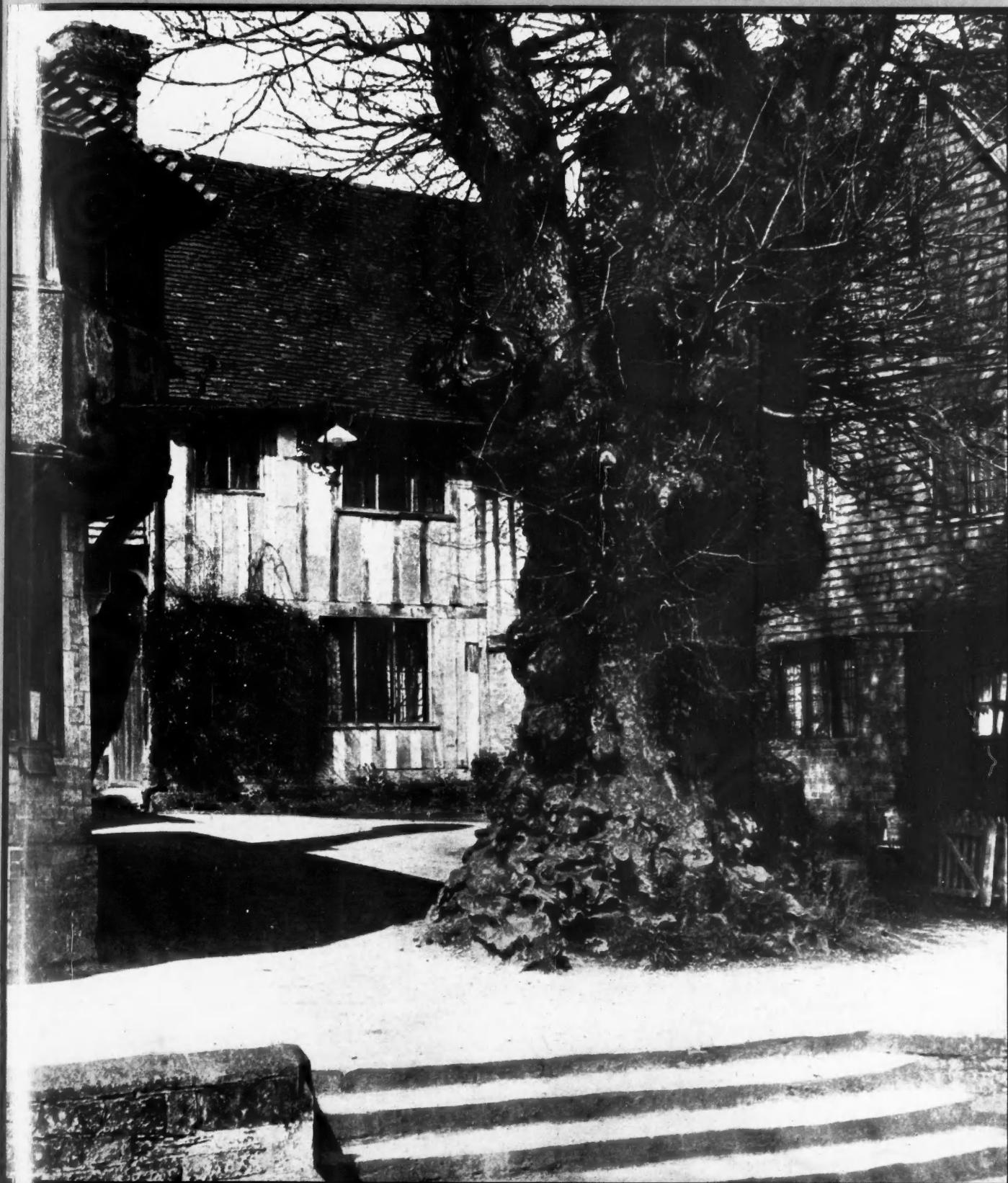
ISAAC NEWTON AT WOOLSTHORPE. By S. P. B. MAIS

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COUNTRY LIFE

DECEMBER 25, 1942

ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE



DECEMBER SUN: LEICESTER SQUARE, PENSHURST, KENT

E. W. Tattersall

PERSONAL

ADVANTAGEOUS to Executors, Trustees, and Private Owners.—Very GOOD PRICES ASSURED for Antique and Modern Household Furniture, Silver, Jewellery, Pictures, Books, Porcelain, etc., at the weekly Auction Sales of PHILLIPS, SON & NEALE, 7, Bleheim Street, New Bond Street (Established 1796). (Sales of the above property can also be promptly arranged by private treaty). Tel.: Mayfair 2424. Ref. W.T.L. Auction announcements, *Daily Telegraph* every Monday. *The Times* every Tuesday.

AUCTIONS. Big Demand and Keen Competition means highest prices obtained for JEWELS, GOLD, SILVER and PLATE at sales by Auction. Sales held each week. Consult the Auctioneers of 130 years standing—DEBENHAM, STORR AND SONS, LTD. Auctioneers and Valuers, 26, King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2. Tel.: Temple Bar 1181-2.

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CLOTHING WANTED, also for SALE or HIRE. Suits, Riding Kit, Boots, Furs, Binoculars, Cameras, Trunks, Sporting Guns, Fishing Tackle, Furniture, Linen. CASH for parcels. All-British firm. Established 25 years.—GORDON GIBSON & CO., 131 and 141, Edgware Road, Marble Arch. Padd. 3779 and 9808.

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DIAMONDS, JEWELS, GOLD, ANTIQUE AND MODERN SILVER, &c. Competitive bidding brings high prices at our Auction Sales, and we strongly advise you consult MESSRS. JOHNSON DYMOND & SON, LTD. (Est. 1793), 24-25, Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, before parting with your valuables. Sales held weekly. Advice gratis.

DIAMONDS, JEWELS, GOLD, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, ANTIQUE AND MODERN SILVER, PLATE, ETC., urgently required for Export. Highest cash prices. The largest buyers in the Country are BENTLEY & CO., 65, New Bond Street (facing Brook Street), W.1. Tel.: Mayfair 0651.

FINE COKE (Breeze), for steam raising, U/F stokers, greenhouse boilers, etc., 19.6 ton at works. Trucks any station. 8,000 tons released.—Box 205.

GOLD, DIAMONDS, JEWELLERY, SILVER wanted. Harrods pay the best prices. SPOT CASH or offer. Call or send registered post, HARRODS, London, S.W.1. Sloane 1234.

INFERIORITY COMPLEX destroys self-confidence. Do you suffer from this nervous shortcoming? If so, you can be cured, permanently, through RAPIDISM, the Scientific treatment approved by experts. Write now for free Booklet to THE RAPIDISM INSTITUTE, 225, Tuition House, London, S.W.10.

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JEWELLERY, GOLD and SILVERWARE are now commanding unprecedentedly high prices. ASPREY'S strongly advise owners who have any kind of disposal of to take advantage of the present demand. Now is definitely the best time to SELL, and you are quite safe in sending parcels by registered post to ASPREY'S, 165, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

MINIATURES. Treasured Memories. Exquisitely painted from any photograph, from 2 gns. Old miniatures perfectly restored.—VALERIE SERRES, 24, Durham Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20. Wim. 5459. Est. 1760.

MINK COAT. Good second-hand mink coat wanted.—Box 27.

OIL PORTRAIT from photo, or snap by well-known artist, 5 gns.—Box 229.

STORE SMALL RESERVE OF FLOUR." This suggestion was made by the Food Commissioner. DR. MAC'S HEALTH FLOUR is ideal for daily use and storage. It will keep for months (if necessary) and makes delicious golden-brown loaves merely by adding cold water; also scones, cakes, etc. It is genuine wheatmeal enriched with a valuable dried milk product and malt wheat. Send 5s now for a 12-lb. bag of DR. Mac's Health Flour. Instructions, recipes, etc., carriage paid.—DEPT. F, DR. MAC'S FLOUR CO., Kendal, Westmorland.

SUNLIGHT and Foam Baths, Massage, Colonic Lavage, are invaluable in cases of rheumatism, catarrh, and general debility.—MRS. GORDON, 39, Cumberland Court, Marble Arch, W.1. (Amb. 2797).

TAYLOR'S DEPOSITORY (Southwark) have an excellent stock of VALUABLE SECOND-HAND FURNITURE on show in their premises at No. 11, Cadogan Lane, near Sloane Square, S.W.1, and at their office at 86-90, Newington Causeway, S.E.1. Very reasonable prices are charged.—For full particulars 'phone Hop 3644.

THE R.A.F. need your LEICA or CONTAX CAMERA NOW. The Ministry of Aircraft Production are asking for them. Release yours and help the war effort.—WALLACE HEATON, LTD., 127, New Bond Street, W.1.

ARE YOU INTERESTED in evidence of survival after death? Evidence of Survival may be found to-day. Help in study is offered at the LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE. S.18d. for booklet for inquirers, 16, Queensbury P.1. London, S.W.7.

AVOID furs tortured to death in traps.—Write for Fur Crusa le leaflet, which tells you of humane furs, from MAJOR VAN DER BYL, Wappingham, Worcester.

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

1/6 per line. Personal 2/- (Min. 3 lines.)

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THOMAS & SONS, knickerbocker-breeches can be made satisfactorily from self measurements. Forms and patterns of cloth will be sent on application, 5, Carlos Place, Grosvenor Sq., W.1.

WARING & GILLOW are glad to buy good quality Furniture and Carpets (Axminster, Wilton and Indian up to 15 ft. by 12 ft.).—Oxford Street, W.1.

WATCHES WANTED. New, old, disused, or out-of-order. Top prices paid. Send registered. Cash or offer by return.—KAY'S (CL), 19 Howwood Avenue, Manchester 4.

WEST OF ENGLAND.—Public, please remember that BRUFORD'S of EXETER, Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, will value or purchase for cash Jewels and Silver. Ancient or Modern. Call by appointment.—Phone, EXETER 54901.

FASHION AND BEAUTY

GOIFURE.—An enchanting "CORONET OF CURLS," with its tonic effect upon your personality, will do much to remove an inferiority complex! Instantly adjusted with less trouble than putting on your hat! Invaluable when you are unable to visit your hairdresser. All-round Coronet from 7 gns., half-coronet from 5 gns. (A pattern of your hair will enable me to quote you the exact cost).

MONSIEUR GEORGES BARRANGER, PREMIER (FREE) FRENCH POSTICHEUR, MAISON GEORGES, 38-40 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1 (only address).

Telephones: Victoria 5943 (appointments) Victoria 5944 (offices and general).

ELIZABETH THOMPSON, of 35, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. BUYS and has for SALE Model Dresses, Hats, Shoes, high-class Furs from the best London houses. Good prices given. Est. 28 yrs. Mus. 3049.

FURS. Good Furs bought and sold. Also repairs and remodels; finest workmanship.—RALLI FURS, Regent House, 235, Regent Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 2325.6.

FURS. Lovely Mink Coat, fashioned by first-class furrier. Exceptional bargain at £145. Details and description from Box 89.

PERSIAN LAMB COAT in perfect condition. Will accept £35. Opportunities are rare and this is a genuine one.—Box 115.

REMODELLING. SAVE MONEY. EVA RITCHER makes OLD HATS NEW, at 4, Berkeley Street, W.1. Tel. MAY 1651.

THE FASHION CIRCLE DRESS AGENCY, GOOD clothes bought and sold. Room 27, 55 Berners Street, W.1. Museum 2273.

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GABBITAS, THRING & CO., LTD. Established 1873.

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PETERSTOW COURT Residential Riding Academy for Ladies. Ross-on-Wye, successfully prepare candidates for the I. of H. Examination. Girls from 15 years of age accepted.—Principals: R. E. PRITCHARD, ex-M.F.H. Fellow and Instructor of the Institute of the Horse, and MRS. PRITCHARD.

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BIRD SEED. Mixture for all small cagebirds: 3 lb. 5s., 7 lb. 10s. 14 lb. 20s. Special Budgie Mixture or Special Canary Mixture. 6 pints 16s. 12 pints 30s.; sample pint 2/10. All carriage paid.—G. TELKAMP & SONS, LTD., 144, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.

OPPORTUNITY FOR CONNOISSEURS! Due to stock reduction we are disposing of several pens of choice pullets from Pedigree Farms. Pure RIRs from Robert Walker! Pure LS from Gill! etc. 2s- 29 per 1/4 doz. Also large number of first-cross pullets. All of blood-tested strains, 100 hours' approval. REDLANDS POULTRY FARM, South Holmwood, Dorking 73314.

OV-ox, the No. 1 Poultry Food (unrationed). The great war-time egg producer; 82.75 per cent. albuminoids; pure food mixed with mash or scraps, will greatly increase your egg supply. "Ideal as a protein supplement for poultry and pigs." Full directions. 7lb., 7.6; 14lb., 14s.; 28lb., 24s.; 56lb., 40s.—1 cwt., 67s.; carriage paid.—OYR BY PRODUCTS (C.L.), Sevenoaks.

PULLETS, 54-6 months old, W.L. x R.I.R., R.I.R. x L.S., B.n.L. x L.S., all bred from own accredited stock; outdoor reared; 24s.-carr. paid. They are a picture of health on free range.—HOYLE, Bearle Green, near Dorking. (Capel 3234).

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PERSONAL

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CALENDAR of Old English Customs Still in Being, post free, 3s. A Calendar of Flowers and their Saints, post free, 2s. 6d.; both unique.—MARE SAVAGE, Upper Basildon, Reading.

CARAVANS, Coventry steel "Phantom Knight." Steel chassis aluminium body, felt and leather cloth lining. 16 ft. long, 20 cwt., 4 sprung berths, gas lighting, cooking, and heating, fitted wireless, sliding windows.

CARLTON COLONIAL MINOR, 17 ft. long, double panelled, lantern roof, 4 sprung berths, 3 rooms, gas cooking, lighting, and heating, water tank and pump, fitted wireless, 2 outside doors, 2 wardrobes.

60 OTHER CARAVANS in stock at F.O.C. Caravan Centre, 206, Cricklewood Broadway, N.W.2. Gladstone 2234.

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CARAVAN TRAILER; Raven, 4 berth; stream lined; calor gas; 2 rooms; all beds, contents new; 15 ft.; newly enamelled throughout; price £250 delivered.—Box 227.

HAND-EMBROIDERED TAPESTRY of Mary Queen of Scots and Black Douglas at Battle of Langside. Approximate size, 5 ft. by 4 ft.—DAVIES, The Vicarage, Sandon, Stafford.

LADIES' SUITS (regulation styles) in Country tweeds, made to measure from £4/15/- and 18 coupons. Satisfaction or cash and coupons refunded. Patterns post free.—REDMAYNE, 26, Wigton, Cumberland.

LADIES' TWEEDS, soft, lasting, 14/- yd., 56 in. wide. Write for patterns.—DENHOLM TWEEDS & BLANKETS, Hawick, Roxburghshire.

MINK COAT for sale, exquisite, latest fashion, stock size, present value £1,200, accept £600, seen London.—Box 231.

MOTOR MOWER for Sale. ATCO 22 in., over-hauled. £45. FLETCHER, 81, Little Albany Street, N.W.1. EUSTON 5215.

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TAMPS, BR. COLS. 1840-1942. Reliant Catalogue, 200 pps., 1943 Ed., 5/4. Album, 6 2/2 inches, from 5/6; complete, 45/-, with covers 75/-; Country packets, 1/- to 5/-; Approvals from 1d. to 2/- to 20 pp. Quarterly Bulletin, 6d. year. RARE STAMPS BOUGHT.—H. BURGESS & CO., Pembury, Kent.

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STAMPS. W. Indies, Asia, Africa, other Colonies, also Great Britain; exceptionally fine approvals, now ready; very reasonable; reference please.—HUGHES AND CO., 15, Nelson House, Peterborough.

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VICTORIAN MAHOGANY DINING TABLE, with centre pillar extending to 24ft., 5ft. wide; perfect. What offers?—READMAN, Montague House, Wokingham.

WATER DIVINING. The OASIS POCKET DIVINING ROD. Anyone can use it. Price 10/- ART'S, Belcombe House, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

WANTED

ADDERS, CALCULATORS, TYPEWRITERS and SAFES, etc., wanted for CASH. Highest prices.—TAYLOR'S, 74 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.1.

APPAREL. Highest prices returned for discarded Lounge Suites, Overcoats, Furs. Clothing of all kinds. Private owners may send with safety to Dept. C.L., JOHNSON, DYMOND AND SON, LTD. (Est. 1793), 24-25, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

CARLOCK, WEED SEEDS, MUSTARD, etc. wanted. Send samples to Box 203.

CLOTHING.—MISSES MANN AND SHACKLETON pay high prices for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's discarded or misfit clothing; Furs, Linen, Silver, Old Gold, Jewellery, etc. Offer or cash by return for consignment sent. Est. 1860.—FERN HOUSE, Norbiton, Surrey.

CLOTHING. Packages of ladies', gent's, and children's unwanted clothing forwarded to MRS. J. PAMPENTON, WAVERLEY HOUSE, GREAT HORTON, BRADFORD, YORKS. TEL. 3470, are immediately examined and postal orders dispatched by return. Goods are then repacked, remaining intact for one week. In event of dissatisfaction with price offered on receipt of such intimation, together with P.O., goods are immediately returned (carriage paid to sender). Highest prices given. Established 30 years. Evening wear not accepted.

COUNTRY LIFE. Copies of Nov. 20, 27, and Dec. 4 wanted. Half price and postage paid.—MRS. WILLIAM DEEDES, Benenden, Kent.

FIREARMS (old), rapiers, cannon, coach horns, models, native curios, sets chessmen, flower paper-weights, and antique jewellery bought.—PEARL CROSS, 35, St. Martin's Court, W.C.2.

ORIENTAL and OTHER Carpets and Rugs wanted. Good prices paid if in good condition.—Full details to CELEBES STORAGE CO., LTD., 20, Eastcheap, E.C. Man. House: 1682.

MOTOR Cars

BROOKLANDS OF BOND STREET.—Where to buy and where to sell cars of good makes, low mileage.—103, New Bond St., W.1. May 8351.

GARDENING

MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN OFFERS

GREETINGS

MR. CUTHBERT and his Staff send their warmest Christmas Greetings and best wishes to all their many gardening friends and correspondents throughout the world.

Those at home we know will make the most of this "Austerity Christmas," preparing themselves for "Digging Harder Than Ever" in the New Year. To those abroad we wish a speedy relief from their sufferings and an early and victorious return to their native soil.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL

BEAUTIFUL SPRING FLOWERS

Just a timely reminder regarding my special offer of Tulip and Daffodil Bulbs. As you already know, the Government have drastically cut the growing of cut flowers by nurseries, and I have therefore decided to dispose of my fine stock of multi-flowering bulbs, which in the ordinary way would be planted to supply Garden and other markets.

Don't miss this opportunity of acquiring super-quality bulbs at clearance prices.

Here are the special varieties available:

TULIPS: SPECIAL DARWIN COLLECTION comprising 20 each of the following: WILSONIANA, soft lavender; CLARA BELL, bright yellow; PRINCESS ELIZABETH, rose yellow; PRINCESS ELIZABETH, rose light border; FARNCOMBE SANDERS, brilliant rose red; 100 large-flowering bulbs, each variety separately packed, 17/6.

MISCELLANEOUS TULIPS: GOLDEN BROWN, yellow, edged scarlet; PRIDE OF HALEM, rose carmine, blue base; INGLESCOMB PINK, bright rosy pink, flushed salmon. Each at 17s.

MIXED TULIPS, including many of the popular varieties, in a galaxy of colour, 15/- 100.

DAFFODILS AND NARCISSI.—The "CONNOISSEURS" Collection of 100 large flowering bulbs, in 5 of the best varieties, 20 each of the following: DAFFODILS: EMPEROR, Primrose perianth, golden trumpet; NARCISSI: SIR WATKIN, primrose and canary yellow, sweetly scented; HORACE, white, orange cup; BATH'S FLAME, canary perianth; ALBA PLENO double white. The complete collection of 100 fine bulbs each variety separately packed, for 15/-.

MISCELLANEOUS DAFFODILS AND NARCISSI.—DAFFODILS: KING ALFRED, the best of all, clear, golden yellow, sweetly scented trumpet. PRINCESSES, primrose petals, long golden trumpet. NARCISSI: CHEERFULNESS, double variety, perfumed; THE STAR, creamy with yellow cup, pointed petals. Each of the above 15/- 100.

FLORAL BLEND. A special mixture of new and popular Daffodils and Narcissi, specially chosen for floral effect, 100 large bulbs, 12s.

ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE

FRUIT FOR ALL

For successful fruit-growing, make certain that the trees you plant are of first quality stock. My famous nurseries have been growing Fruit Trees for nearly 150 years, and are therefore well qualified to offer advice and guidance in the choice of the best varieties to suit local soil conditions to those who intend to plant this season.

SOFT FRUITS FOR HEALTH

Soft Fruit Bushes are in short supply, and early ordering is therefore advised to avoid disappointment. At present, I can supply fine quality stock of the following:-

BLACK Currants: Two-year-old bushes 1/2 each, 18/- dozen.

RED Currants: 1/2 each, 18/- dozen.

RASPBERRY CANES: Best sorts. Lloyd George and Norfolk Giant. 5/- dozen, 35/- 100.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS: Royal Sovereign, prolific cropper. 22 6s 50/- 100/- 100.

BLACKBERRIES: Giant Himalayan variety 3 6 each. Please add carriage 1/- on 100/- Orders over 25/- carriage paid.

MR. CUTHBERT, R. & G. CUTHBERT

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37, GOFF'S OAK, HERTS.

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GARDENS DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED Sherwood Cup Chelsea Show, 1927.—GEORGE G. WHITELEGG, Nurseries, Chislehurst, Kent.

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Acting on the suggestion of some of the leading Tennis Clubs, they have started a Rotation List for Post-War Orders for NEW and repairs to existing Courts. Would you like them to put your name down for early post-war attention? This puts you under no obligation.

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TOMATO SEED.—Clapham's Improved Tomato, introduced 1930. 30/- oz. 15/- 1/2 oz. 7/- oz. packets 5/- and 26.—CLAPHAM & SONS LTD., 46, Chancery Court Gardens, E.C.4.

VEGEABLE and Flower Seeds of QUAIL TV—we do the experimenting, not you!—W. J. UNWIN LTD., Seedsman, Histon, Cambs.

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Subject to Government Restrictions.

AGENTS WANTED with sound connection amongst farmers for the sale of well-known speciality product.—Box 983

EXCELLENT home and wage offered to a reliable person willing help officer's wife. (Small holding).—MORRIS, Waterlane House, Bisley, S. W.7.

PROPERTY LINEAGE & HOTELS AND GUESTS PAGE 1206.

COUNTRY LIFE

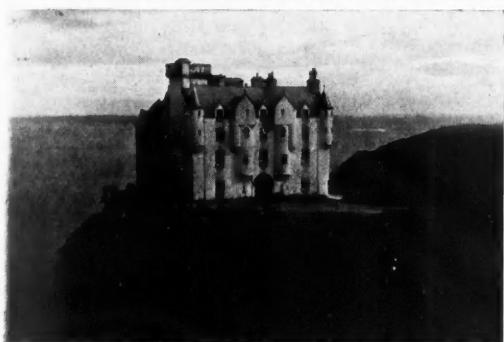
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DECEMBER 25, 1942

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

SPORTING & AGRICULTURAL ESTATE OF 30,000 ACRES

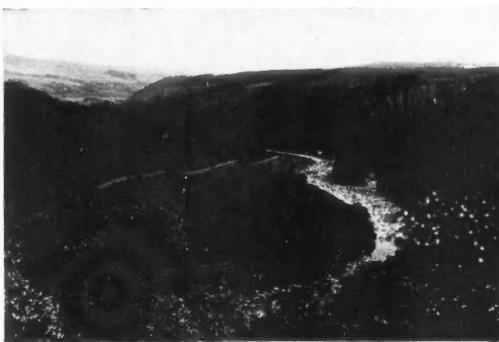
One of the best Grouse Moors and Deer Forests in the North of Scotland. 17 miles from Main Highland Railway Station.



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It is situated on a rocky elevation, with very fine views and is approached by a beautiful avenue with entrance lodge. Entrance hall, dining and drawing rooms, gun room, library, billiards room, 9 bedrooms, 8 servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

Central heating. Electricity.



Stabling. Garages. Large walled garden well stocked with flowers and fruit trees. Vegetable garden. Timbered grounds and woods.

SUBSTANTIALLY STONE-BUILT LODGE, conveniently situated for the Moor and Forest, with fine views. 2 public rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Garages.

EXCELLENT SPORTING, including **SHOOTING OVER 21,500 ACRES**, with a good game bag of grouse, partridges, blackgame and woodcock, etc. Salmon, grilse and sea trout fishing for about 5 miles in a river (both banks) and in two small lochs, and sea fishing.

RENT ROLL OF £1,865 PER ANNUM.

FOR SALE AS A WHOLE

or the Lodge and the Estate would be sold separately, excluding the Castle and 160 Acres.

Agents : Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (4,910)

2 MILES OF SALMON & TROUT FISHING (1½ MILES BOTH BANKS)

Close to lovely old Devon Village. Exeter 18 miles. Torquay 20 miles.

UNRIVALLED POSITION 700 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL WITH GLORIOUS VIEWS

The Tudor Style Residence, which was designed by an eminent architect and is perfectly appointed throughout with oak paneling, oak floors and casement windows, is substantially built of brick and half-timber, with tiled roof.

It is approached by 3 drives, 1 with entrance lodge. Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, billiards room, 15 bed and dressing rooms (several with basins), 5 bathrooms, exceptional domestic offices.



ABOUT 300 ACRES. TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD. Hunting. Golf. Shooting.

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SOUTH WALES

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Swansea 45 miles. Cardiff 80 miles.

Occupying a fine position 400 ft. up facing South and West, a residence erected of local stone with tiled roof, at a cost of £30,000. It is approached by a drive and contains : Entrance hall, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Complete new electric lighting and heating system installed in 1938.

Telephone. Excellent water supply. Modern drainage. Garage for 4 cars.



DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS divided by yew hedges and comprising : Gardens, ponds, swimming pool, kitchen and fruit garden.

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(additional Woodland up to 98 Acres, if required.)
FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

Salmon and Trout Fishing by arrangement in a lovely stretch of river with at least 5 Salmon pools.

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CASTLE ST., CIRENCESTER (Tel. 334).

MAYFAIR 3316/7.
AND AT NORTHAMPTON, LEEDS AND YEOVIL.

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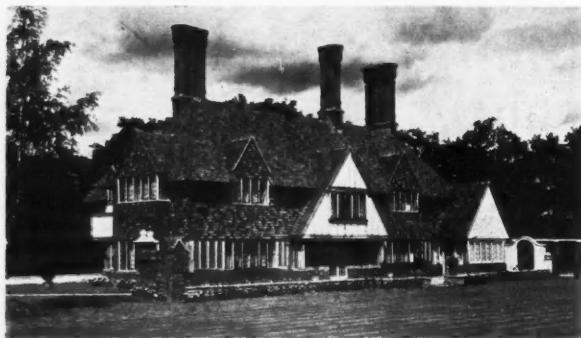
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MAIN ELECTRICITY, WATER, GAS AND DRAINAGE.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

CHARMING GROUNDS OF ABOUT 1 ACRE

PRICE £9,000
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1 mile station. 600 ft. up with magnificent views.

GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

with lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electricity. Garage for 2 cars. Stabling. Tennis court.

PRETTY GARDEN WITH ORCHARD, ROSE AND KITCHEN GARDENS, OCTAGONAL TEA-HOUSE, IN ALL ABOUT 2½ ACRES

PRICE £6,500 FREEHOLD

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Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Co.'s electric light. Central heating. Garage and stabling.

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PERIOD PIECES.

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VERY REASONABLE
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WANTED TO PURCHASE OR RENT IN THE WYE VALLEY

HOUSE WITH 12 OR 14 BEDROOMS. MUST
HAVE FISHING RIGHTS OVER GOOD
STRETCH OF RIVER.

Please send particulars, photographs (which will be returned) and price to: D. C., c/o JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, London, W.1 (Tel.: Mayfair 3316/7); or Castle Street, Cirencester (Tel.: 334).

WEST SOMERSET HILLS

3½ miles nearest town. Glorious views. 800 ft. up.

DELIGHTFUL SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE

In a perfect state of repair, with 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms (with basins), bathroom.

Garage. Cowstall for 6, and other outbuildings.

3-roomed bungalow for gardener-cowman.

20 ACRES

PRICE £4,000
FREEHOLD



VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.
Particulars JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Yeovil (Tel. 1066).

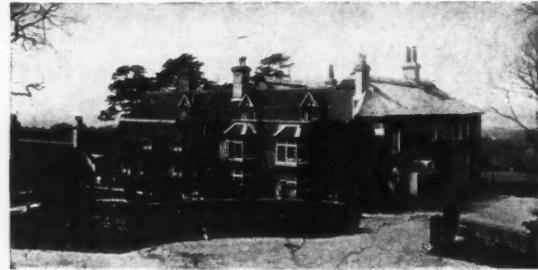
Grosvenor 3121
(3 lines).

WINKWORTH & CO.

48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

SUSSEX

400 ft. up. Sandy soil. 2 miles from a Station.



AN OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge and 4 reception rooms. Main services. Central heating. Stabling. Garages. Cottages. Attractive grounds with rose garden, woodland, parkland, etc.

IN ALL NEARLY 79 ACRES. FREEHOLD FOR SALE.
Sole Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1. (2577)

WEST SUSSEX A RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

In an attractive position and adjoining a large estate.

THE HOUSE contains: Lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, loggia, 9 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms and excellent domestic offices, including staff sitting room. Main electricity. Central heating. Constant hot water. Garage for 2 or 3 cars. Stabling. Cottage.

THE GROUNDS ARE VERY ATTRACTIVELY DISPLAYED, INCLUDING A SMALL AREA OF WOODLAND IN ITS NATURAL STATE, KITCHEN GARDEN WITH GREENHOUSE, HARD TENNIS COURT, ETC.

Detailed particulars of the Agents: Messrs. WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1. (3607)

HERTS

A CHARMING PROPERTY

Entrance hall, lounge (21 ft. by 19 ft.), cloakroom and w.c., dining room, morning room, oak-panelled drawing room, domestic offices including servants' hall and pantry, beautiful old oak carved staircase, 6 principal bedrooms, the largest 20 ft. by 17 ft., fitted with lavatory basins, 3 or 4 servants' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Central heating. Constant hot water. Electric light. Main water.

Garage and suitable Outbuildings and 2 Cottages.

PRETTY OLD-FASHIONED PLEASURE AND KITCHEN GARDENS (3 Acres).

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Particulars from: WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, W.1. (4691)

WANTED

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COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES

PARTICULARS SHOULD BE SENT WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TO THE ESTATE OFFICES, 48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

GLOUCESTERSHIRE BORDERS

**TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD.
WITH ABOUT 112 ACRES
(Vacant Possession)**

Occupying a fine position about 200 ft. above sea level. The Residence, built of local red sandstone with tiled roof, has recently been modernised, and is approached by a drive.

Entrance hall, 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.



Central heating. Co.'s electricity. Ample private water. Modern drainage. Buildings. Garages. 2 Cottages.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS, with lawns, flower, fruit and vegetable gardens, which are very fertile. The land is principally rich pasture, with some first-class arable, a large productive orchard in full bearing, and good oak woodlands.

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DUMFRIES-SHIRE

**ADJOINING A SALMON RIVER. 3 MILES FROM A TOWN.
Beautifully situated in a sheltered position, on rising ground about 300 ft. up, facing South
and commanding views over the surrounding hills.**

The Residence, which was remodelled some years ago, is approached by an avenue drive with a lodge at entrance and contains: Hall, suite of reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom.

Central heating. Company's electric light and power. Telephone. Excellent water supply.

Modern drainage. Stabling and garage.

2 FARMS (1 in hand). 6 COTTAGES. THE GROUNDS are well laid out. Well-stocked kitchen garden.

Shooting. Hunting. Golf. The Estate has a frontage to a river in which there is good salmon fishing.

OVER 600 ACRES. TO BE SOLD. (The House would be sold with less land if desired.)

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SOUTH-EAST BUCKS

Occupying a quiet position, on gravel soil. Facing South with good views.

A MODERNISED RED BRICK AND TILE RESIDENCE with all labour-saving devices.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 or 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. Company's electric light, gas and water. Telephone. Main drainage.

Garage for 2 or 3 cars. Cottage



WELL LAID OUT GARDEN, including A.R.P. trench.

ABOUT 3 ACRES

**TO BE LET FURNISHED
or FREEHOLD
MIGHT BE SOLD**

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The proprietors of "COUNTRY LIFE" have decided to supply this public service to the best of their ability. They accordingly invite offers, with a view to purchase, of a property of about 1,000 acres within about 50 miles of London, capable of large scale cultivation, with a substantial house and adequate farm buildings. Immediate possession is not essential. If requested, enquiries will be treated in the strictest confidence.

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HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

(Regent 8222 15 lines)



UNDER 15 MILES SOUTH OF TOWN A PARTICULARLY CHARMING RESIDENCE



BUILT REGARDLESS
OF COST.

Hall, drawing room, dining room, study, sun lounge, usual domestic offices, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.

Central heating and all main services.

Garage for 2 cars.

THE ATTRACTIVE
GROUNDS EXTEND
TO ABOUT

1 1/2 ACRES

AND THE WHOLE PROPERTY IS SO PLANNED AS TO NEED THE MINIMUM
OF UPKEEP.

PRICE FREEHOLD £9,000

Further particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.
(Tel.: REG. 8222.) (8.50,955)

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Situated in the favourite Chalfont St. Giles district, with a pleasing Southern aspect.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT £6,500

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

Drawing room, study, dining room, self-contained domestic offices, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.

THE 3 ACRES OF WELL LAID OUT GROUNDS INCLUDE WOODLANDS, FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDENS, AND ARE ALL INEXPENSIVE TO MAINTAIN.

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GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR LONDON BUSINESS MAN SURREY

Pleasant situation between Hersham and Walton-on-Thames. Under a mile from Main Line Station with service of fast trains to the City and West End.

EXCELLENT RESIDENCE

IN FIRST-CLASS DECORATIVE ORDER.

L-shaped hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms.

All main services. Partial central heating.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

ATTRACTIVE GARDEN WITH LAWNS, GOOD KITCHEN GARDEN WITH FRUIT TREES, SMALL WOOD. IN ALL EXTENDING TO ABOUT

1 ACRE

PRICE FREEHOLD £3,500

JUST IN THE MARKET. EARLY POSSESSION.

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22 MILES FROM LONDON IN THE FAVOURITE DORKING DISTRICT FOR SALE. AN ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Period lounge, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good domestic offices.

All on two floors only. Central heating and all main services. Ample garage accommodation.

THE FINELY TIMBERED
OLD-WORLD GARDENS
EXTEND TO ABOUT

1 ACRE

AND INCLUDE LAWNS, HERBACEOUS BORDERS AND FLOWER BEDS, TENNIS COURT, KITCHEN GARDEN, Etc.

PRICE FREEHOLD £5,000 (or Near Offer)

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BISHOPS STORTFORD (243.)

CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

1/6 per line. (Min. 3 lines.)

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CHESHIRE. Paying Guests received in nice country house. Couple preferred. Private sitting room. 1 mile Broxton Station. 10 from Chester.—Miss BARBOUR, Bankhead, Broxton, Chester.

EXETER. ROUGEMENT HOTEL—the centre of Devon. All modern amenities and comforts. Rooms with bath and toilet, en suite.

HAMPTON COURT, CASINO HOTEL, 12 miles London. Trains, Waterloo to Hampton Court direct, and 10 minutes' walk. Fully licensed, ballroom attached. Beautifully furnished. Terms from 3½ guineas; 12s. 6d. B. and B. Tel.: Molesley 2080.

LANGOLLEN. HAND HOTEL. One of the best in North Wales. Magnificent scenery. Own Salmon Fishing in River Dee. H. and c. running water in all bedrooms. Tel.: 3207. Telegrams: "Handotel."

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THAT HISTORIC HOUSE
"THE SPREAD EAGLE,"

bids you welcome.

From 6 gns.

Private bathrooms.

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NORTH DEVON. Spiritual Rest Home and Retreat. Students also invited. Write for particulars. "Order of the New Day."—THE OLD VICARAGE, Peters Marland, near Tariington.

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SHROPSHIRE, CHURCH STRETTON. THE HOTEL. Est. 1587. Fully licensed. H. and c. all rooms. Own produce. A few vacancies for winter residents. Resident Proprietor.

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ANYWHERE. Luxury Caravan, specially built for all-year occupation. 3 compartments, 4 luxurious sleeping berths, end kitchen. Gas cooking range. Electric light. 20-gallon water tank, w.c. A luxurious, safe and movable home. £1,200.—Box 221.

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TEDDINGTON. STRAWBERRY HILL. Detached Freehold House. 6 bedrooms, 2 reception, Triplex grate. Garden, fruit trees, greenhouse. Garage. £2,500. Sole Agent—HAYES, 2, Alexandra Road (Tel.: Wimbledon 5370).

TO LET

OXFORD. 3 miles. To Let on Lease £225 per annum, well-built House of Character. 6 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 4 baths, every convenience. Open view. Garden, orchard. Garage, etc. Apply—Dr. L. P. JACKS, Shotover Hill, Oxford.

WANTED

COUNTRY. A QUICK, ADVANTAGEOUS SALE of your COUNTRY PROPERTY can be effected through the Country House Specialists, F. L. MERCER & CO., who for over half-a-century have dealt solely in the sale of this class of property ranging in price from £22,000 upwards. Over 2,000 GENTLEMAN PURCHASERS on their waiting list. Vendors are invited to send particulars to their Central Offices, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. Regent 2481.

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In a beautiful position on high ground with really delightful views.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

Standing in well-timbered gardens and grounds.



With hall, 3/4 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms.

Co.'s electric light and power. Central heating.

Garage and useful Outbuildings.

Lawns, Hard Tennis Court, well-stocked Fruit and Vegetable Garden, etc. In all about

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In the favoured Maidenhead district within convenient reach of the station.

AN ATTRACTIVE, MODERN TUDOR STYLE RESIDENCE

South-west aspect. Gravel soil.

Hall, 2 reception, 6/7 bedrooms, bathroom.

All main services. Central heating.

Small well-disposed gardens including tennis court, kitchen garden, etc.

For Sale Freehold

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650 FT. UP ON SURREY HILLS

An Ideal Property for the London Business Man.

To be Sold. ONLY £3,000.

AN ATTRACTIVE WELL-PLANNED HOUSE OF CHARACTER

with 2/3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Company's services. Garage.

Delightful gardens with tennis and other lawns, flower gardens, orchard, kitchen garden, etc.

ABOUT 1 ACRE

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Between Aylesbury and Buckingham, convenient for Main Line Station to London.

Sheltered situation in rural country.—For Sale

AN UP-TO-DATE COUNTRY HOUSE OF CHARACTER

Main electricity and water. Central heating. Lounge hall, 3 reception, dozen bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

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Very Pleasant Gardens. Excellent Pasture.

Hard Tennis Court. Squash Court.

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43 miles from London.

A WELL-LET RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF OVER 3,000 ACRES

IS FOR DISPOSAL, INCLUDING MANSION AND PARK, OCCUPIED AND LET, SEVERAL VILLAGES, A NUMBER OF GOOD FARMS AND A CONSIDERABLE AREA OF WOODLAND

WILL BE SOLD TO SHOW A REASONABLE RETURN

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RESTORED FARMHOUSE WITH PERIOD INTERIOR. Secluded position. Convenient for bus services. 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main electricity, power and water. Radiators. GARAGE. FARMERY. THATCHED BARN. HARD TENNIS COURT. MATURED GARDENS. PADDOCK AND ARABLE LAND.

JUST OVER 12 ACRES. MODERATE PRICE.

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Near several good Golf Courses. 1/2 mile station.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

A PICTURESQUE MODERN HOUSE, built of brick or of the finest materials, with oak floors to ground floor. 3 reception, billiards room, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, maids' sitting room, modern conveniences. Garage for 2 cars. Grounds of 1 ACRE, with tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc.

PRICE £4,000

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When renewing your INSURANCE POLICY, remember the advisability of giving careful consideration whether in view of the increased cost of replacing FURNITURE, FABRIC, SILVER, PLATE, etc., and rebuilding or restoring HOUSE PROPERTY, the sum for which you are now Insured is adequate to compensate in the event of loss. In order to satisfy yourself upon this point, it is suggested that a complete INVENTORY AND VALUATION of your EFFECTS based upon present-day cost be prepared, and if you own the FREEHOLD or hold a LEASE of your HOUSE, a VALUATION OF THE STRUCTURE on a replacement base.

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Occupying one of the most open and rural situations within the distance of London.

1½ miles from Station. FOR SALE, A CHOICE MODERN HOUSE.

Approached by short drive. It is built of purple stock brick, has all modern comforts

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dining room (14 ft. by 14 ft.), drawing room (23 ft. by 14 ft.), maids' sitting room, 5

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Central heating throughout. Fitted basins,

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garages. GARDEN ABOUT ½ ACRE, with SMALL SWIMMING POOL.

Recommended by: MAPLE & Co., as above.



UNDER 15 MILES SOUTH OF TOWN A PARTICULARLY CHARMING RESIDENCE



AND THE WHOLE PROPERTY IS SO PLANNED AS TO NEED THE MINIMUM OF UPKEEP.

PRICE FREEHOLD £9,000

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Situated in the favourite Chalfont St. Giles district, with a pleasing Southern aspect.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT £6,500

AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

Drawing room, study, dining room, self-contained domestic offices, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

ALL MAIN SERVICES. GARAGE FOR 3 CARS.

THE 3 ACRES OF WELL LAID OUT GROUNDS INCLUDE WOODLANDS, FLOWER AND KITCHEN GARDENS, AND ARE ALL INEXPENSIVE TO MAINTAIN.

Further particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (B.48,967)

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19. (WIM. 0081.)

CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

1/6 per line. (Min. 3 lines.)

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CHESHIRE. Paying Guests received in nice country house. Couple preferred. Private sitting room, 1 mile Broxton Station, 10 from Chester.—Miss BARBOUR, Bankhead, Broxton, Chester.

EXETER. ROUGEMENT HOTEL—the centre of Devon. All modern amenities and comforts. Rooms with bath and toilet, en suite.

HAMPTON COURT, CASINO HOTEL, 12 miles London. Trains, Waterloo to Hampton Court direct, and 10 minutes' walk. Fully licensed, ballroom attached. Beautifully furnished. Terms from 3½ guineas; 12s. 6d. B. and B. Tel.: Molesey 2080.

LANGOLLEN, HAND HOTEL. One of the best in North Wales. Magnificent scenery. Own Salmon Fishing in River Dee. H. and c. running water in all bedrooms. Tel.: 3207. Telegrams: "Handotel."

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THAT HISTORIC HOUSE

"THE SPREAD EAGLE,"
bids you welcome.
From 6 gns.
Private bathrooms.

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SHROPSHIRE, CHURCH STRETTON, THE HOTEL. Est. 1587. Fully licensed. H. and c. all rooms. Own produce. A few vacancies for winter residents. Resident Proprietor.

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FOR SALE

ANYWHERE. Luxury Caravan, specially built for all-year occupation. 3 compartments, 4 luxurious sleeping berths, end kitchen. Gas cooking range. Electric light, 20-gallon water tank, w.c. A luxurious, safe and movable home. £1,200.—Box 221.

ESSEX. To be Sold with Possession. In old-world North Essex village. Small de luxe Hotel (fully licensed club and appointed A.A.). Every modern convenience. Price all at £2,750. Apply—BALLS & BALLS, Castle Hedingham, Essex.

SUTTON. Freehold Detached Residence. Best position, 5 minutes station and shops. Double carriage drive, 7 bedrooms and dressing rooms, 3 reception, large well-fitted kitchen with modern "Triplex" range, running water (h. & c.) in all bedrooms, superb fitted bathroom and w.c. Central heating principal rooms. Beautifully and expensively decorated throughout. Garage 3 cars. Tennis lawn, large vegetable garden and fruit trees, greenhouse. Detached coachhouse and stable. Chicken house. £4,750. Substantial Mortgage arranged if required. Sole Agents—HAYES, 2, Alexandra Road, Wimbledon (Tel.: WIM. 5370).

TEDDINGTON. STRAWBERRY HILL. Detached Freehold House, 6 bedrooms, 2 reception, Triplex grate. Garden, fruit trees, greenhouse. Garage. £2,500. Sole Agent—HAYES, 2, Alexandra Road (Tel.: Wimbledon 5370).

TO LET

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DEVON. Wanted, small Farm, bounded by navigable river. Modern or modernised House, up to 5 bedrooms. £5,000 available. POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR. Particulars and photo to—"K. B." TRESIDDER AND CO., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

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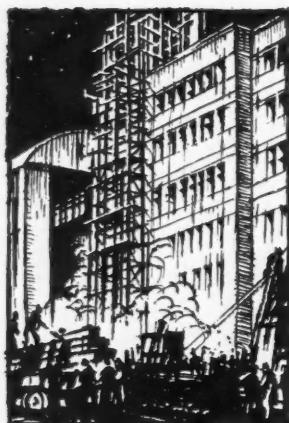
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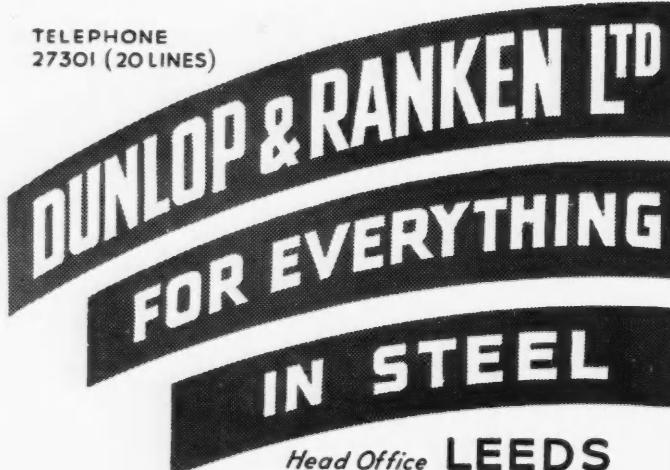


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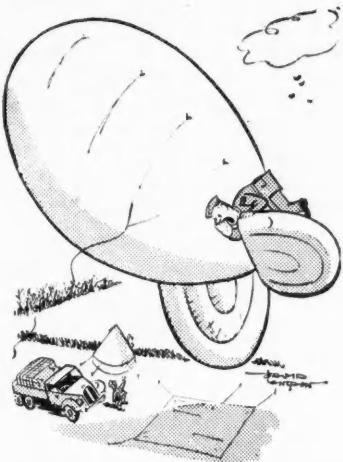
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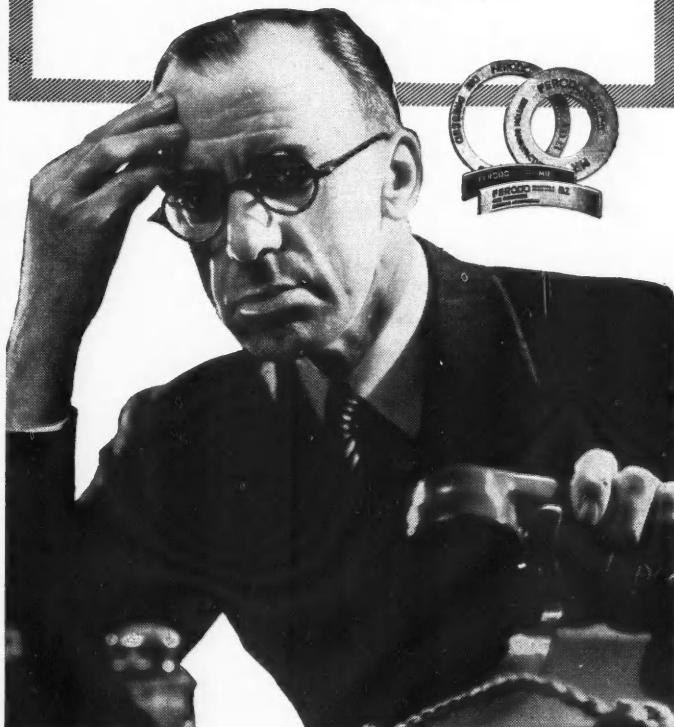


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by *Lotus*

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCII No. 2397

DECEMBER 25, 1942



MRS. GEOFFREY BAZELEY

Mrs. Bazeley is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. Guy Blewitt, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Blewitt, of Pond House, Boxted, Colchester, and was married on December 5 to Captain Geoffrey Bazeley, R.A., younger son of the late Mr. Sydney G. Bazeley and of Mrs. Bazeley, Alverne Hay, Penzance. Colonel Blewitt has controlled the supply of meat and livestock in the Midlands under the Ministry of Food since the outbreak of war, and is on the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, the Suffolk Horse Society, and the Essex Agricultural Society.

COUNTRY LIFE

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN,
W.C.2.

Telegrams: Country Life, London.
Telephone: Temple Bar 7351

ADVERTISEMENTS AND
PUBLISHING OFFICES:
TOWER HOUSE,
SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
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Telephone: Temple Bar 4363



The Editor reminds correspondents that communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. MSS. will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

Postal rates on this issue: Inland 2d. Canada 1½d.
Elsewhere abroad 2d.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

ONCE A YEAR

ANNIVERSARIES are apt to pass unregarded in days when almost any morning may set new echoes ringing down the halls of Time. And those who are engaged in the struggle to-day to carry the inheritance of the past on to a happier future may be forgiven if they live very steadily in the present. But the anniversary which we celebrate at this time of year is too closely bound up with all for which we fight to be allowed to slip into the realm of things forgotten which we shall "remember again when the war is over." We shall not forget to-day the message of goodwill which our enemies have so wantonly mocked and derided. Nor shall we forget the part which Christmas has played through the ages in turning the hearts of our people, once a year, to the hearths round which they were bred. In war-time this return, in thought at least, of the families of our race to the homes that sheltered them and sent them to their duty cannot but be of the essence of the struggle. We need the memory of the past to brace us for the present and to make us equal to the tasks of the future.

Among those who are looking with longing towards their land and their homes from the very ends of the earth many may well be thinking of the future which lies beyond the war. After the dread anxieties of the past four years we have now a firm assurance of victory. What is that victory to bring? The sort of disillusion which the last war brought and which so many of us can so poignantly remember? There is no need for it all again if we are willing to learn our lessons and to act upon them, and already it seems that some of the chief lessons are being learnt. We are beginning to realise that it is not enough to defeat the enemy if we have no serious plans of our own for the future of the world he sought to coerce and dominate. We are beginning to learn that victory is not enough if we bring back the flower of our youth from the battlefield only to plunge them into a chaos of industrial and economic insecurity. We are putting on foot practical plans to avoid this. There are two other lessons which we have learnt or are learning. We cannot have everything we want and hope for, in the way of internal security and national well-being, unless we can pay for it; which means, in stone-cold fact, unless we are prepared to work for it as we have worked for victory in this war. The other lesson is one we have fatally disregarded in the past. We cannot rely for the maintenance of international security for the setting up of peace and toleration upon any strength but our

own. About this the history of the past brooks no contradiction.

Nothing is more encouraging in this regard than the firm declaration of Lord Woolton that Agriculture should be coupled with the Armed Forces in our scheme of insurance against the next war. This is the first time that a member of the Government has ventured to be so candid, and Lord Woolton's words deserve to be repeated throughout the country, not only because of their specific implication with regard to a vital economic problem but for their general warning of the rocks that lie ahead in the days of victory. "It would be a good thing," he said, "if we could take out an insurance policy against the next war and be only too glad if all we have to do is to pay the premiums. The premiums I would pay would be to the Armed Forces and to Agriculture. I put them in the same category."

RESERVATION OF UNDERGRADUATES

THERE are other aspects of the Ministry of Labour's decision no longer to give a year's exemption from military service to undergraduates who are taking Bachelor of Arts courses. The view so far expressed is regret that educational careers should be prematurely ended, and valuable qualities of leadership thus fail to be matured. On the other hand, it is possible that the authorities have found by experience that this year of necessarily intensive study does not sensibly develop faculties of military leadership. A year is, in any case, quite inadequate for a university training. Another possibility, which recent comments tend to support, is that headmasters of schools have frequently recommended for the year's university course boys promising at book work but not necessarily so as officers, with the result that the Services feel that they could have used the time to better advantage. In the last war nearly all boys passed automatically from the public schools into the Services, but, so far from the interruption prejudicing their education, the keenness and maturity of mind of those who came up to the universities after the war was in marked contrast to the outlook of boys straight from the public schools. So much so that many who experienced the effect of the interruption were converted into advocates of some form of compulsory service at this juncture in a boy's life. The most valid criticism of the decision is the distinction made between arts and technical courses. Presumably the latter are thought to be a more direct preparation for the art of war.

EPIPHANY

*A LATE, bright star was shining; and alone
Its fire was kindled, all companions gone.
The cold sky emptied, and the huddled town
Crouched darkly, as the short-lived moon went down.*

*How strange and steadfast was that heavenly light
In the worst hour that rounded off the night!
How bleak and bitter all the world seemed then,
How crazed its hundred million fighting men!*

*Yet one lamp still the universe could show,
After all lights in heaven and earth sank low.
Was this the same star-servant of the Wise,
Seen by the Magi in eternal skies?*

*O Christ, we watch and wait! Give us again
Thy starry symbol, that the years of pain
May clear our vision; and the world at last—
Heaven's loneliest wanderer—may hold Thee fast!*

VERA I. ARLETT.

REMOVAL OF IRONWORK

INSTANCES continue to reach us of gates and railings, worthy of preservation, being removed, although the panel architects appointed by the Ministry of Works and Planning have reported in favour of their being spared. Some light is shed on the muddle that is doing so much unnecessary damage by the fact that it is contractors for the Ministry who remove railings. A correspondent tells us of several cases in a provincial city, where the panel architect advised the retention of pre-1820

railings round a churchyard, and a representative proportion of grave railings, as being of good workmanship of a kind now uncommon in the district. An official of the Ministry also agreed on the retaining of certain railings in front of Regency houses in the city. Nevertheless, the London appeal committee of the Ministry apparently overrode the recommendations, and all are to be taken except two grave railings in one of the churchyards. Those in front of the houses went owing to the Ministry's official having apparently failed to advise the contractor of his decision in time. Previously other Georgian railings had been taken before the panel architect had been consulted. The moral seems to be that, if one has gates or railings of historic or artistic importance, and wishes to ensure that their merit shall at least be considered before their sudden removal, it is advisable to get in touch as soon as possible with the clerk of the local authority, who will refer all appeals to the panel architect.

THE URGENT NEED FOR PAPER

SOME impression seems to have got abroad that we are "doing very nicely" so far as the national supply of paper is concerned and that the need for salvage and yet more salvage has passed. Nothing could be more mistaken. The waste paper that is wanted is not coming in. The weekly amount collected has fallen far below the requirements of munitions and food-packing alone. The Order which makes it an offence to destroy or throw away paper or cardboard is being very perfunctorily carried out and in some cases, it is to be feared, entirely disregarded. It is imperative that this shall be changed. The nation needs another 100,000 tons of paper immediately and there is no doubt that it can be obtained if the effort is made.

PHEASANTS AND THE RABBIT SHORTAGE

AN aggrieved shooting man writes to ask us if the phenomenal number of pheasants in his coverts is responsible for the dearth of rabbits therein. With Christmas coming on, it seems that he found it impossible to assemble any of that convenient and acceptable gift, a couple of rabbits, whereas there are, he assures us, more pheasants than in the days when he used to put a thousand down. The answer, of course, is that there is no connection between the two phenomena, beyond that the rabbit shortage is due, in the old gardener's words, to "two-legged birds"—official and unofficial reducers of vermin. Hoards of pheasants have not been descending like harpies on the poor rabbits' dinners any more than they did, in a famous trope of Mr. Lloyd George's in his Limehouse days, on the farmer's turnips. If our friend's wild birds are so numerous, on which we felicitate him, it is due to the predominantly warm dry summer and plentiful natural food.

THE "COUNTRY LIFE" ESTATE

AS will be seen from our advertisement columns, we have not yet succeeded in finding the right combination of house and land on which to develop our plans for a post-war experimental estate. We have investigated so far about a dozen different properties which fulfilled the special condition of easy access from London. In some instances the house was too large; in others the land was too broken and hilly to be suitable for large-scale cultivation; in one the price asked was higher than we felt justified in paying, and in another there was much more land than we needed for our purpose. We have never imagined, of course, that the search would be easy under war-time conditions, but as we have already explained, although we are prepared to buy now there is no call for haste, and no immediate need to disturb existing tenancies. The difficulties of obtaining equipment and engaging the necessary staff, to say nothing of commandeered accommodation and cropping restrictions, are too serious to be overcome until the return of peace. It may even become necessary to consider buying land alone, and to erect our own house and other buildings on it. However that may be, we shall persevere until we find what we want.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

AS a boy I was told that when one saw the whole rook population from a near-by rookery towering high up in the sky and performing amazing evolutions in the air, which I believe is termed "leaving," it is a sign of coming bad weather of an extremely unpleasant nature. According to some bird experts it predicted a particularly violent gale, while their opposite numbers held the view that it meant that a snowstorm was imminent.

I have just received a letter from a Winchester correspondent, who states that on November 30 every rook in the city together with many hundreds of others were towering over the buildings, with individual birds swooping earthwards, but the flock was too high for the clamour of their caws to be heard below. Over Twyford to the south of Winchester he saw another large and excited gathering of the birds, while at Bishops Waltham some eight miles farther on there was a "parliament" (the accepted rook term) of well over a thousand. On the same date in this corner of Hampshire, 30 miles to the west, I noticed a similar gathering of the hosts, so that apparently these rook assemblies were usual over a good proportion of at least one southern county on the last day of the month.

All our preconceived ideas about the reason for this display on the part of the rooks fail to explain the phenomenon, for as readers will remember the week prior to November 30 was singularly calm for the time of the year, and there was nothing whatsoever in the nature of rough weather until the night of December 4 four days later, and even then the south-west blow with driving rain was barely half a gale. Rooks it would seem are migrants to a certain extent, with some of our local birds moving on in the late autumn to the south while others from Scandinavia arrive to take over from them. In the absence of bad weather one can only conclude that these big and noisy conferences had something to do with the invasion of newcomers, and the allocation of feeding grounds to the greatly increased ration strength.

* * *

I READ in an article recently that cypress wood has greater lasting qualities than any other variety—oak not excepted. Cypress, the writer said, was practically imperishable, but I suppose that as with any other timber a lot depends on the climate in which the wood has to exist. All I know of cypress from the carpenter's point of view is that the doors of the chapel in the Monastery of the Law in Sinai are made of this wood, and it is said that they are the original doors, and if authentic this would take them back to the days of Queen Helena and the year 342 A.D.

This, however, is no great age for wood in that part of the world, for the tomb of Tut-ankh-amen, discovered in 1922, was a veritable furniture depository of bedroom and other suites of the 1350 B.C. period. I remember also from another tomb two interesting sets of toy wooden soldiers, consisting of a platoon of the Egyptian Army and one of the Sudan Defence force of those days, which were at least 2,000 years old and were in perfect condition.

During my time in Kharga Oasis the people of one small village discovered a Ptolemaic burial ground and, before the police could stop them, had hauled out of their permanent living quarters a round dozen of their rude fathers in search of the family heirlooms, which they hoped, vainly, were buried in the tins with them. A peculiarity of these coffins



Will F. Taylor

A QUIET STREET: CORSHAM, WILTSHIRE

was that they bore a head and shoulder, life-size portrait of the contents, and the conclusion I came to was that the heavy atmosphere of a low-lying oasis is not conducive to good looks.

The coffin wood in almost every case was moderately sound if somewhat brittle, and they were made, as far as I could see, of the local *sunt*, an acacia which is indigenous to the Nile Valley and the surrounding deserts. It grows in a stunted form in practically waterless districts, but attains a great size if planted at a well-head to provide shade for the camel or bullock working the water-wheel. There are many of them growing in odd *wadis* in Libya and Cyrenaica—particularly in the Derna district—and probably the drivers of our light and armoured cars have learnt to give them a wide berth. The reason for this is that the *sunt*—sometimes called the *siyal*—produces a white hardwood thorn about 3 ins. in length which is practically unbreakable, and will slip through the outer cover of the thickest tyre with the greatest ease. There are plenty of these thorns lying thick beneath every *sunt* waiting for the unwary, owing to the Beduin's habit of breaking off the branches as fodder for his animals.

* * *

THERE is another reason also for avoiding *sunt* trees, overhanging rocks and in fact all forms of shade in the desert, and this is that these places have been used throughout the ages by the nomads of Libya and their flocks as resting-spots during the heat of the day. The Beduin flock-master sheds flea maternity cases while he sleeps and his camels shed ticks in the same condition, and these fecund females lay their eggs in the warm sand. The young of the species hatch out and lie in wait for a passing meal, so that when a shadow falls on them the desert's dusty face is a mass of jumping small black fleas and scurrying from all directions come the serried ranks of hungry young ticks.

* * *

A VERY common type of dog-owner is the man who is always promising his dog "a damned good hiding," which no doubt the dog deserves, but which somehow or other never seems to materialise. I am not poking fun at this class because I have a suspicion that I belong to it myself, and possibly the fact that I have never owned a reliable shooting dog is due solely to the fact that much-promised thrashings have never taken place. I think the only times when I have really carried out my threats were those occasions when various young entries on the threshold of life have shown a desire to chase sheep, and as a sheep-chaser has of necessity a very short shrift it is a question

of "Spare the rod and lose the dog," to mis-quote a very true proverb.

Once upon a time there was a keen and reliable shot who owned a quite excellent Irish water spaniel bitch, and it was his contention that her reliability was due to a terrific thrashing he was compelled to administer every year and which was alluded to as her "annual." This "annual," which he spoke of constantly with ferocious glee, was apparently a rather gruesome business, as it was dealt out to her with a very strong and ruthless hand and a very heavy stick, when a variety of misdemeanours had been mounting up to her debit. "It is no good just tapping a dog," he explained, "as if you want them to remember you must hurt them."

* * *

ONE day when a party was out shooting the bitch made a mistake or two, which were accentuated by the fact that Master was shooting very badly that morning, missing most things altogether and hitting the remainder too far behind, and so everything which happened was due entirely to the dog. Again and again was heard the awful threat: "You're working up for your 'annual,' my girl, and you're going to get it before you are many hours older." Then there happened a small *contretemps* with another dog by reason of which the water spaniel dropped the strong runner partridge she had in her mouth to dispute the ownership of a rabbit, and this proved to be the last straw. Shouting "You're going to get it now, my girl," the spaniel's owner chased her into a small wood, breathing curses and bloodthirsty threats. There followed the cracking of wood as a thick branch was torn from an oak to serve as a weapon, and next moment there were the most heart-rending dog screams.

The other guns were horrified: they had heard so often of this terrible "annual" the unfortunate spaniel had to suffer, and obviously it was of such a brutal nature that no dog-lover could countenance it. They ran into the wood in a body to protest and found that the thick branch torn from a tree was merely a light birch twig, and that Master with the feathery leaves was gently dusting the bitch, who was playing up to the part of the badly injured dog by screaming loudly.

* * *

AS one who has had to struggle for years with white ties, stiff collars and hard-boiled shirts during *khamsin* nights in Cairo and *haboob* nights in Khartoum I should like to see some of the "correct-kits" go by the board. If an armour-plated air-proof chest-protector is the correct kit for a temperature

of 107° I see no reason why a bathing-suit should not be ordained as *à la mode* for Iceland, or a loin-cloth for the Royal Enclosure at Ascot.

Why, for instance, should a City stock-broker have to wear a sailor's cap immediately he goes on board a private yacht? He will cross the Atlantic or Pacific quite cheerfully in a mail boat wearing his ordinary hat or no hat at all, but if he steps on the deck of a yacht at Cowes, Torquay or the Thames Estuary he must perform become an imitation seaman and put on a Merchant Service sailor's cap and blue serge suit. I have known small-boat owners who have had to go out to their tiny craft for five minutes to attend to a mooring or a blocked scupper-hole, but, before a rope or broom is touched, the yachting-cap is taken out of a locker and worn until the little job is finished. When once more they become landlubbers, the cap goes back to the locker and they row ashore.

Why also should a judge at a horse or pony

show wear a grey bowler? Does it have some inspiring effect on the grey matter beneath, which is working hard to detect good and bad points, or is it done merely for effect and to intimidate? Of course there is no doubt that a grey bowler does lend weight to decisions; a dissatisfied exhibitor might dare to query a soft felt judgment, but there has been no case on record of a cap or black bowler arguing with a grey one.

* * *

AS our various garments wear out, take on that tender greenish tinge suggestive of spring, or are consumed by moth, we shall find it more and more difficult to live up to the old British tradition of wearing the correct kit for every occasion. One of the great trials of the countryman in other times has been the maintenance in passable condition, and in more or less conformity with the fashion of the day, of the "tail and topper" outfit for weddings and

funerals. The suit, which was the very latest thing from Savile Row when made for sister Anne's wedding, is apt to look a trifle tired at the nuptials of her eldest daughter 20 years later; but now this coupon business has put a new tail suit beyond the reach of all.

I recall that, when the demobilised Army of the late war opened their wardrobes in 1919 to find that owing to the moth they were practically naked so far as mufti was concerned, a forlorn hope of ex-officers resolved that the dinner jacket should be worn in the evening. For two or three years afterwards one saw black ties at banquets, ambassadorial dinners and high commissioners' dances, but the odds were too great for them. Immediately those dictators the tailors realised that this despicable attempt was being made to undermine their profits they counter-attacked heavily, and designed a new cut for both coat and waistcoat, for all suits, which put everything prior to 1914 into the same category as peg-top trousers.

SOME CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

By WILFRED GAVIN BROWN

MEMORIES, fortunately, are not rationed, so that they remain as some of the few things in which one can indulge with a clear conscience, even though at times they give but a painful pleasure. At Christmastide they are apt to flow like a flood, but there are two which usually stand out in particular in my mind.

The first is the Christmas hamper, which used to be one of the best reminders to the far-off or poor relation that he had not been forgotten by the "big house." It is true that before the war the most excellent hampers could be bought ready packed, but in the old days there was a personal touch about the hampers that arrived from the familiar estate or farm.

I can remember when I was a boy how eagerly I awaited the hamper from my grandfather, a doctor on the outskirts of a big Midland town. The sight of the bulging wicker basket being dumped by the carrier on the doorstep immediately brought to my mind a vision of my grandfather's house, that large grey building, rather lop-sided where a new wing had been built on, and, in



“CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS, MINCE PIES, APPLES”



BY SOME FROZEN STREAM

those days, surrounded by paddocks which led to the open country. Then there was the excitement of unpacking the hamper in the kitchen. There would be, of course, a turkey, but there would also be a brace of pheasants and duck, and a hare, and these would rouse conjectures as to where they had been killed: the duck by some frozen stream overhung by alders, the hare in a field of wet kale, and the pheasants in a brief soar above the tree-tops of a spinney on some December afternoon against a snow-stained sky.

There were many other things in the hamper—Christmas puddings, mince pies, apples, garishly coloured boxes of dates, and a special kind of spiced beef, known to the family as "hunter's beef" and produced from a carefully guarded recipe. But it was the game that really mattered. Beautiful in death, I can see them now—the cock pheasant's emerald and bronze, duck and hares, all laid out on the stone-flagged kitchen floor, making a perfect subject for a painting by a Dutch master.

I must confess that one of the reasons that I like Dickens is because he appeals to my stomach. What *gourmand* can read the *Christmas Carol* without sighs of jealousy of the feast presided over by the Ghost of Christmas Present? As for Bob Cratchit's turkey, it was beyond the capacity of any hamper, and had to go to Camden Town in

a cab. I remember reading *Pickwick Papers* once when I was recovering from jaundice, and, on a starvation diet of thin bread and butter and water, knew all the pangs of the old torture of placing food and drink outside the bars of the cell and just beyond the prisoner's reach. It is true that at the Rochester field day "one of those hampers which always awaken in a contemplative mind associations connected with cold fowls, tongues, and bottles of wine" was a warm weather hamper, as was the "snack" at the September shooting party which was to bring Mr. Pickwick to the pound, but they kindle in the imagination the same atmosphere of solid plenty with which hampers and a Dickens Christmas are always combined.

My second particular Christmas memory is that of a slate-club supper in a neighbouring village some years before the war.

The light surged over the snow as we opened the door of the inn parlour. The saloon and public bars and the bottle-and-jug department hummed with the noise of Christmas Eve; in fact, it sounded as if the floor of the public bar might collapse at any moment, for there was a party of gypsies engaged in that ritual of song and dance *Knees Up, Mother Brown*, which gets noisier and noisier towards its climax. However, my host, who was president of the club, and I myself were to join the other officials of the club in the parlour.

There, standing before the fire and beneath a steel engraving of Queen Victoria, were the secretary and treasurer of the club, grave with the importance of office, for to-night after the supper the year's share-out would take place. In the centre of the tiny room was a square table on which was an aspidistra in a blue and white bowl, while in a corner of the parlour there was a half-broken musical-box which, for a penny, tinkled out with much hesitation an almost unending repetition of *Annie Laurie* and *The Bells of Aberdovey*.

Glasses of sherry, a rare treat in those days, were pushed into our hands, and a solemn conversation on fat-stock prices was started, so that it was with some relief that I saw the landlord poke his head through the serving hatch to announce that supper was ready. We went up some dark stairs and found ourselves in a large, barn-like room with high rafters. Where we sat, at the top table, we were directly below an engraving of that rather more lavish meal, *The Waterloo Banquet*, and the two long walls of the room were hung with a grand mixture of engravings of stags and hounds after Landseer and tin advertisements showing scantily dressed ladies proving the merits of aerated water, while in a far corner of the room, on a shallow platform, was a well-worn piano.



Drawing by Phiz, 1815-1882

THE CAROL SINGERS



ON SOME DECEMBER AFTERNOON AGAINST A SNOW-STAINED SKY

The meal, a "roast and boiled," was helped down with pints and pints of beer, so that by the time my friend, the president, had given the Loyal Toast the diners were livening up. The atmosphere of cordiality was increased by the club share-out and a round of incredible port stood by the president.

Songs and recitations now followed, and there was one singer whom I shall never forget. He was Old Joe, a rabbit-catcher, who had worn his bowler hat all through the supper and still had it on as he mounted the platform to sing a song of innumerable verses. It was a very sad song, all about a deceived maiden who threw herself over a bridge. Her seducer discovered the corpse (a word that seemed to occur in most verses) and in a moment of remorse flung himself over the bridge also. It was the piece of the evening, and received tremendous applause, though not even a spasm of pleasure crossed Old Joe's face under the awful decency of his bowler hat, as he shuffled back to his seat. My host whispered to me that the old man had sung that song every year for nearly half a century.

The evening ended with much back-slapping and hilarity, and from most groups one could hear those words which always prove the real Surrey man—"I'll tell you for why"—and pieces of holly and mistletoe, probably slyly broken off from the landlord's decorations, suddenly appeared stuck in caps and behind ears. As we went out into the snow once more the difference in atmosphere after the smoke-filled room almost took away the breath. A moon had now risen, and the common land before the inn gleamed into the distance. There are two ponds on this common, and, as we stood outside the inn door trying to get acclimatised to the sudden change, a flight of mallard slit the cold air and passed across the moon's face, and you could imagine them slithering down on to the icy water of the ponds.

As the men went off to their cottages, or stood chatting, my mental picture for memory's treasure-chest was made complete, for, from the village street round the corner, a sudden burst of carol singing made the night even more beautiful.

SNOW, FROST AND HAIL

By FRANK W. LANE

HAST thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" The question is as old as the Book of Job, but only modern photographic science has revealed the full wonder of a snowflake.

The pioneer investigator in this field was an American, Wilson A. Bentley, whose work has been supplemented by Vincent J. Schaefer. For 50 years he observed and photographed snow while living a hermit-like existence among the northernmost mountains of New England. When he died he had taken nearly 6,000 micro-photographs of snow crystals.

He excelled in a very difficult form of photography. Snow crystals will blow away and even melt at the faintest breath. They cannot long endure the radiated heat from a near-by human body. And even when the snowflakes have been secured there remain the difficulties of handling them for convenient use by the camera without damaging them.

One method used with marked success by Bentley was to catch individual crystals on a piece of soft black velvet. He then placed the camera over the snowflake and the subsequent photograph, when enlarged, showed all the delicate beauty of the snow crystal against the background of the velvet.

Snow crystals are divided into two main classes: the columnar and the tabular. These

two forms are again divided into many sub-varieties. Wind, height of clouds, degree of cold, the amount of water in the air, and other factors cause variations in their form. The wonderful patterns within the crystals are due to minute inclusions of air.

Despite the many hundreds of forms in which crystals are found, they are all based on a common hexagonal pattern. Many, however, have their alternate sides more or less suppressed. Although they are all formed generally on the hexagonal pattern, no two snow crystals have ever yet been found which are exactly alike.

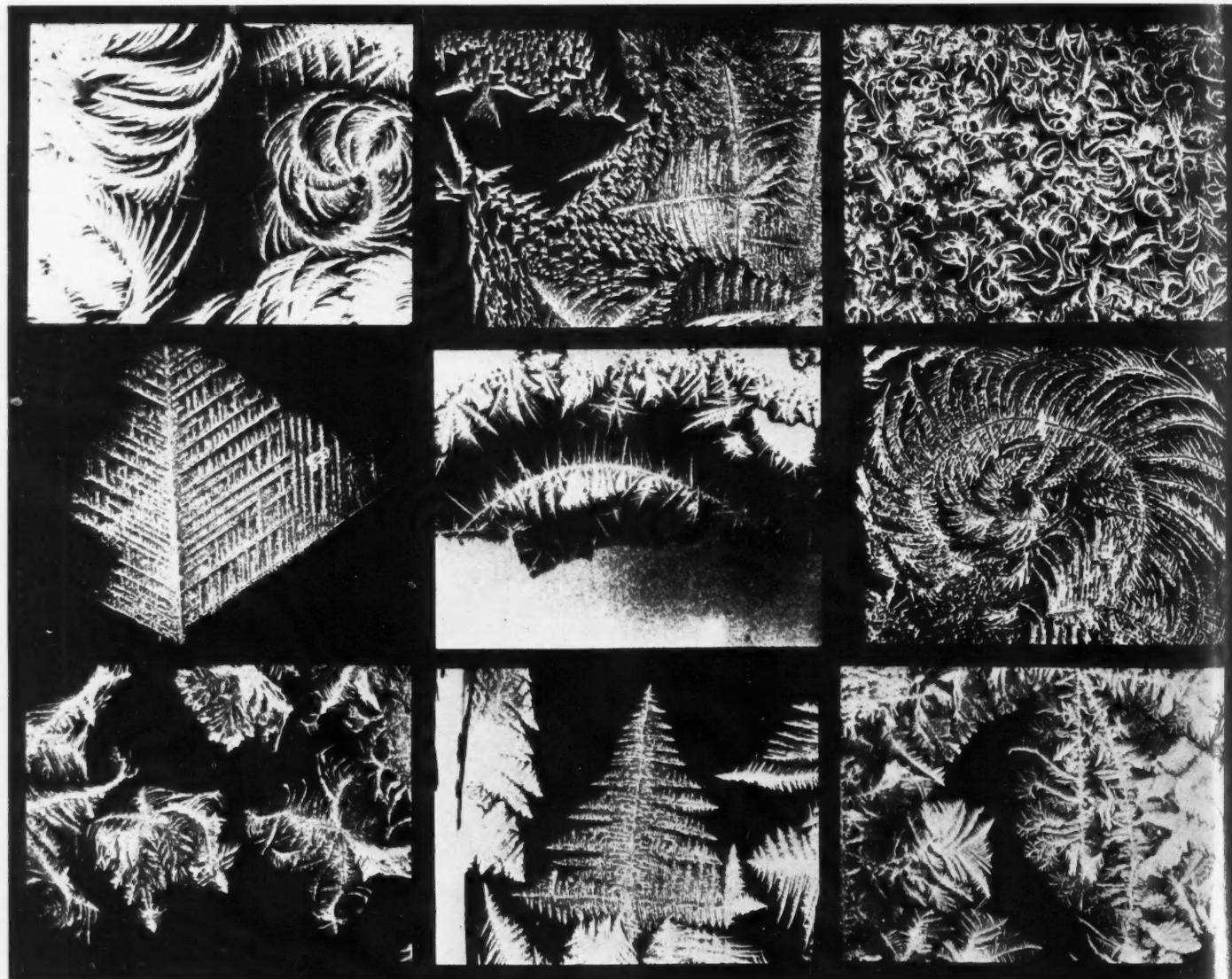
Microphotographs of snow crystals have been put to practical use by those seeking new and arresting patterns. Jewellers, art craftsmen, metal-workers and silk-manufacturers have used them for designs and as objects for study.

Although the great majority of snowstorms consist of the familiar small snowflakes, occasionally a fall of very large flakes is reported. One such storm occurred over Berlin in January, 1915. Large numbers of snowflakes with diameters of from 3 ins. to 4 ins. fell on the city. One report of this storm says: "These giant flakes fell with both greater speed and more definite paths than did the smaller flakes. They did not have the complicated, fluttering flight of the latter. In form the great flakes

resembled a round or oval dish with its edges bent upward. During flight they rocked to this side or that, but none was observed to turn quite over so that the concave side became directed downward."

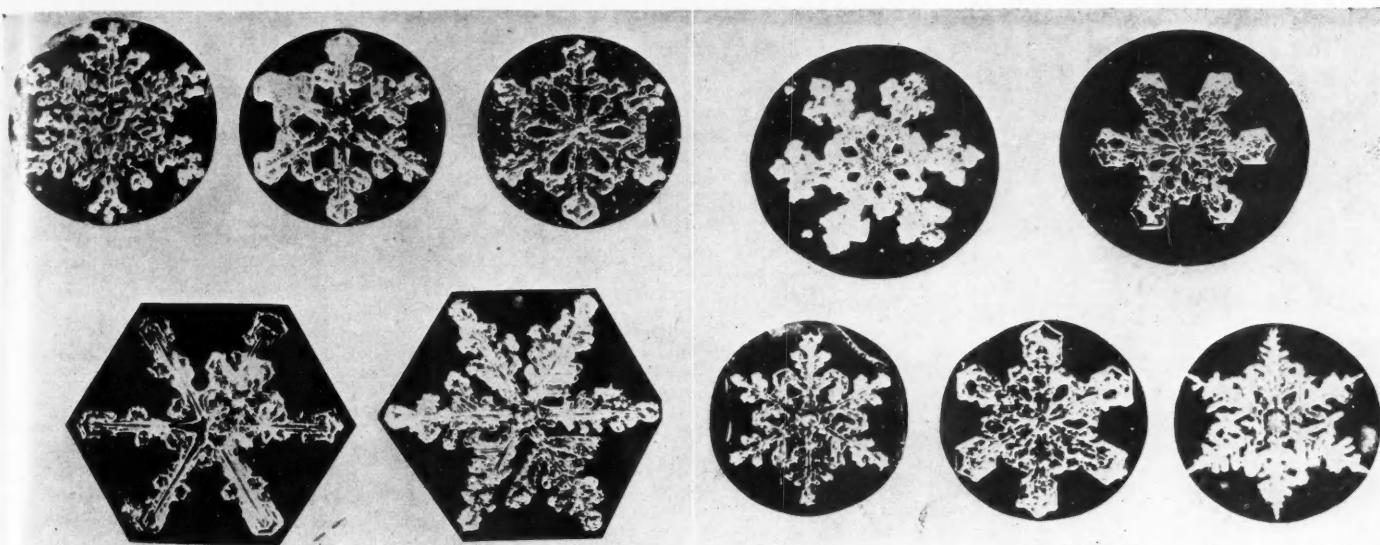
Another ice-form which crystallises into varied and beautiful patterns is frost. The exact cause of frost designs on window panes is not known, but it has been proved that frost gathers along minute abrasions on the glass. But it will be obvious from some of the patterns illustrating this article that this is a quite inadequate explanation of many of the intricate and exquisite patterns which are found in winter.

Hail has none of the beauty of form of snow and frost. It is a by-product of thunderstorms and consists of icy lumps ranging from the size of small peas up to, and exceeding, that of oranges. While generally harmless, hail can cause much destruction to crops, greenhouses and other property. One estimate puts this damage at £40,000,000 per annum throughout the world. Meteorological records contain many examples of the fall of extremely large hailstones. The volumes of the official publication of the U.S. Weather Bureau, *The Monthly Weather Review*, alone contain some hundred instances of the fall of hailstones the size of chickens' eggs and larger. *Nature* has reported



FROST FORMATIONS ON WINDOW PANES

By courtesy of U.S. Weather Bureau



SNOW CRYSTALS

Microphotographs by Vincent J. Schaefer obtained by embedding snowflakes in plastic resin on glass slides

the fall of hailstones weighing nearly 2 lb., while miscellaneous sources I have consulted show that hailstones of the following sizes and weights have been reported from various places: "size of cricket balls"; a stone 13½ ins. in circumference and 5 ins. in diameter; "as large as baseballs and oranges and of the weight of baseballs"; a stone measuring 17 ins. in circumference and weighing 1½ lb.; and another, consisting of two stones frozen together, was of even greater size and weight.

When a storm composed of these outsize hailstones bursts on a district, surprising damage may be caused. During a hailstorm at Washington a few years ago, in which hailstones as large and heavy as baseballs fell, cars had their roofs pierced and the total damage to property was estimated at £25,000.

A much more severe storm burst over Durban, South Africa, in June, 1929. Many hailstones the size of cricket balls were reported and the noise of the storm resembled machine-gun fire. Total damage caused by this storm was estimated to be £750,000. South Africa appears to suffer periodically from hailstorms containing extraordinary stones. In the issue of the *Quarterly Journal of the Meteorological Society* for October, 1874, there is a report of a hailstorm in Natal in which it is stated: "Hailstones passed through corrugated iron roofs as if they had been made of paper. Some of them weighed more than one and a half lb." Another account also mentioned that corrugated iron roofs in South Africa were pierced by hailstones.

In view of the great damage which hail can sometimes cause, attempts have been made in the past to ward off hailstorms by artificial

methods. One device which was once used extensively consisted of the erection of lightning-rods. Presumably the object was to draw the electric charge from the storm and cause it to pass harmlessly away, but modern meteorologists dismiss the idea as impracticable so far as keeping off hail is concerned.

Another preventive device consisted of subjecting the clouds to an artillery barrage from mortars firing blank charges. This method is also scorned by most modern meteorologists, but it will be seen from what follows that it used to be taken seriously on the Continent.

Towards the close of the last century great damage was being caused by hail in certain districts of Austria and Italy. In an attempt to abate the nuisance a man named Stiger devised a kind of mortar, known as the "Stiger cannon," which consisted of a piece of artillery with an iron funnel attached from which blank charges were fired.

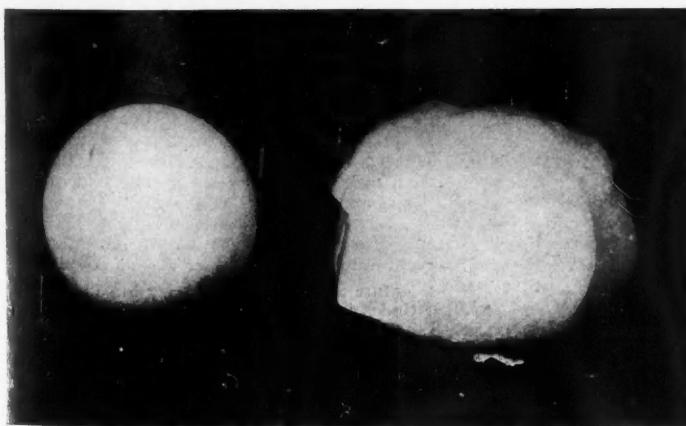
Rumours of successful hail prevention by barrages from these cannon soon spread and as many as 2,000 firing stations were equipped with Stiger cannons in Italy. A committee that was set up to investigate the results unanimously agreed that "if the shooting was begun in time the damage from the hail was always averted." A number of cases were cited showing that in towns where no shooting occurred the violence of hailstorms continued unabated, whereas in districts where shooting was inaugurated no hail occurred.

Dr. J. M. Pernter, director of the Imperial Institute of Meteorology and Magnetism of Vienna, himself investigated the whole subject and came to the conclusion that the most likely scientific explanation was that "the effect of

the vortex ring [of the cannon's discharge] prevents the formation of hailstones." He considered that these vortex rings would be sufficiently powerful to exert considerable force to a height of nearly one and a quarter miles. I have consulted Dr. F. J. W. Whipple, the distinguished British meteorologist, on this subject of "hail firing," but he assures me that in spite of the foregoing account there is no efficacy in the Stiger cannons.

A very rare phenomenon which is sometimes witnessed during a hailstorm is the slow descent of large hailstones. One such occurrence occurred near Clermont-Ferrand in France in September, 1873, and was reported in *La Nature*. Hailstones measuring from an inch to and inch and a half in diameter fell so slowly that they caused no damage. Some fell upon roofs and rebounded, and falling again after the rebound fell faster than those which came down in an unbroken fall. One explanation which has been advanced is that in the general electrical conditions of a thunderstorm a counter-gravitational force might be set up. Dr. Whipple disagrees with this theory and considers it more likely that soft hail might contain so much air that it might come down slowly like snow.

One other very rare occurrence connected with hailstorms may be mentioned. Several cases have been reported, in trustworthy scientific journals, of large hailstones being picked up and of there being found inside them stones and, in at least two cases, live frogs. If the records are accepted as trustworthy the most likely explanation would appear to be that the objects found inside the hailstones had been carried up to the clouds in a waterspout and then become enclosed in rapidly frozen ice.



HAILSTONE LARGER THAN A TENNIS BALL (SHOWN FOR COMPARISON). It fell in Durban in June, 1929. U.S. Weather Bureau. (Right) HAILSTONES OF AVERAGE CIRCUMFERENCE OF 5 INS. Northampton, July 20, 1900



ISAAC NEWTON AT WOOLSTHORPE

By S. P. B. MAIS

AM inclined to agree with Keats about literary shrines. You remember his outburst on visiting Burns's birthplace at Kirk Alloway. "O, the flummery of a birthplace! Cant! Cant! Cant! It is enough to give a spirit the guts ache."

Too often the birthplace is become a charnel-house, a mausoleum and a museum. The rich and rare spirit that once inhabited it has wisely flitted and left no trace. There are exceptions. Emily Brontë has been too strong for the preservers of Haworth, and Johnson's presence still permeates the house in Lichfield.

I am glad that the modest but beautiful manor farm of Woolsthorpe has been acquired through the Pilgrim Trust to make us remember more often that this was the birthplace of the greatest of all scientists. That is an excellent way of celebrating the tercentenary of the birth of Sir Isaac Newton, because the house figured largely in his life. He was born in it, prematurely, the sickly, only and posthumous child of a not too successful Lincolnshire farmer, on Christmas Day, 1642. It was to this house that he returned from his school at Grantham, only six miles farther north along the Great North Road, to take charge of the farm for his mother, who had remarried, this time a parson. It was here that he showed such incompetence as a farmer that he had to go back to school.

It was to this quiet sanctuary that he escaped when, as an undergraduate of Trinity, he was driven from Cambridge by the outbreak of plague, and here that he found the leisure and quietude necessary in those all-important years to grapple with the many problems of mathematics and optics that were then exercising his mind.

Most important of all, it was at Woolsthorpe that he deduced such a momentous principle from the simple act of watching an apple fall from a tree that was still standing 122 years ago.

This apple story, incidentally almost the only thing that the average man and woman remembers off-hand about this most famous of all the world's scientists, is not, as so many people suppose, a legend. We have chapter and verse about it from Stukeley, who, on a visit to Newton at Woolsthorpe, says this:

"After dinner, the weather being warm, we went into the garden and drank tea under the shade of some apple trees, only he and myself. Amidst other discourses he told me he was just in the same situation as when formerly the notion of gravitation came into his mind. It was occasion'd by the fall of an apple as he sat in contemplative mood."

Though the actual tree is dead, grafts from a descendant of it growing at Belton are now flourishing at East Malling Fruit Research Station, and have been identified as a variety known in Lincolnshire as Keswick.

Woolsthorpe and the surrounding undulating rich country without question played a large part in forming the mind of this great mathematician. His all-important formative years were spent there, and it is worth remembering, as Professor G. H. Hardy reminds us, that mathematics, more than any other art or science, is a young man's game.

"Newton," he said, "gave up mathematics at fifty, and had lost his enthusiasm long before. His greatest ideas of all, fluxions and the law of gravitation, came to him about 1666 (at Woolsthorpe), when he was twenty-four—'In those days I was in the prime of my age for invention, and minded mathematics and philosophy more than at any time since.' He made big discoveries until he was nearly forty



WOOLSTHORPE, NEWTON'S BIRTHPLACE AND HOME, WHERE, IN THE ORCHARD, HE DEDUCED THE PRINCIPLE OF GRAVITATION

The house has been acquired through the Pilgrim Trust

(the 'elliptic orbit' at thirty-seven) but after that he did little but polish and perfect."

This is why I rejoice in the preservation of Woolsthorpe. There is neither cant nor flummery there.

The simple mathematical symmetry of that creeper-covered little manor house, with its twin chimneys surmounting the two end gables and its three upstairs rectangular windows each subdivided into three with mullions, standing precisely above the three downstairs windows, exact replicas, and its plain rectangular porch with the square plaque above, all this makes up the sort of house that a child would draw when given the word "House" to illustrate. It fits Newton as exactly as Coxwold fits Laurence Sterne.

What worries me is that in those great days when I was in the R.A.F. stationed at Cranwell neither I nor any other officer in

NEWTON'S MONUMENT

*You who to this place repair,
Meditate, nor only stare:
Newton's monument you see,
Held in place by Gravity.*

EDMUND ESDAILE

the college ever made the obvious pilgrimage. I don't mean that we didn't know Woolsthorpe. We all knew it intimately, not only from the air, but also from the ground. We were for ever riding to hounds past it, and by reason of that very fact too busy ever to cast a passing glance at this sacred shrine.

I say sacred because so many of us were mathematicians, and recognised in Newton one of the three greatest mathematicians that the world has ever seen.

Perhaps we were too busy trying to avoid falling over into one of the many ironstone quarries in which the district is so rich.

Indeed, the house has only just been saved in time from the hands of the spoiler. All the land that was farmed by the Newtons is already quarried. Only the garden and orchard remain.

What a grand and typically English countryside this is. Little wonder that it inspired

this sensitive, susceptible youth to search the mysteries of the skies. Nowhere in England is the horizon wider. It is not that Lincolnshire is, as so many people suppose, flat. It is a wold country of vast fields, often bounded by broad dykes where horse and rider too frequently came to grief. Along the broad ridges of these wolds, which Newton doubtless rode or walked, are very ancient ways, one of them the famous Fosse, mathematically as straight as the lines that Newton so much liked, but the wolds themselves have symmetrical hyperbolic and parabolic curves which entranced him still more. How to determine their areas was one of the problems that possessed his mind as he rode over their slopes.

"I computed," he says, "the area of the hyperbola at Boothby in Lincolnshire to two and fifty figures."

Environment undoubtedly determines character, and just as Shakespeare was moved by the Forest of Arden to write *As You Like It* so Newton was moved by the Hundred of Kesteven to write a book that has had as much influence on the life of man as Shakespeare's plays, and will live as long.

I believe too that this quiet, modest countryside played its part not only in giving an impetus to the boy's intellectual urge, but also in providing him with that quiet, modest, engaging character that so endears him to us.

"I do not know," he says, "what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

"What I may appear to the world!"

The world was not long in recognising his greatness. You remember Pope's couplet:

*Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said "Let Newton be," and all was light.*

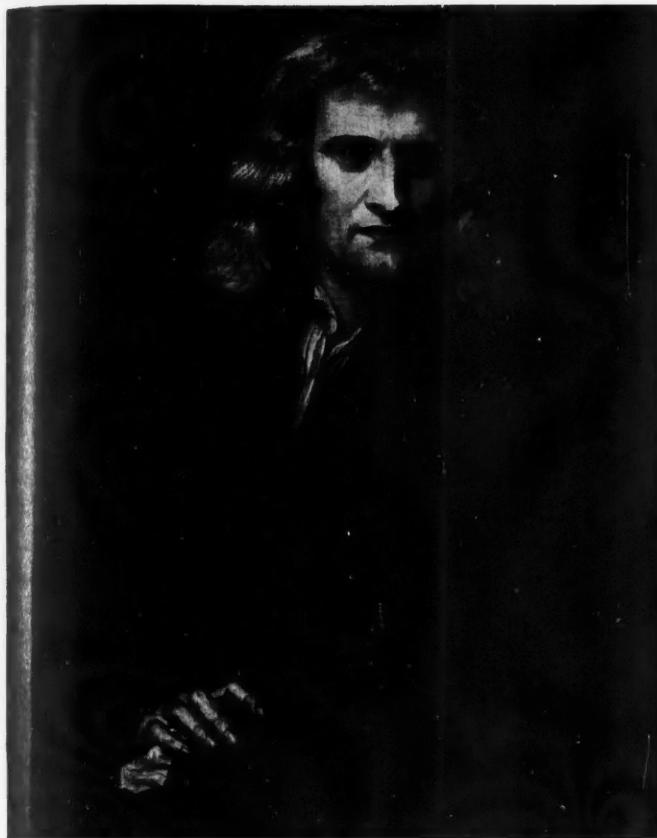
You remember the words on his monument in Westminster Abbey:

*Sibi gratulentur mortales tale tantumque extitisse
Humani generis Decus.*

and the inscription below his statue in Trinity Chapel:

Newton qui genus humanum ingenio superavit.

What strikes the layman most of all about



"A PIERCING EYE AND HAIR WHITE AS SILVER"

A portrait of Newton, aged 47, by Kneller

Newton is his many-sidedness. As a schoolboy he made a name for himself as an experimenter with kites, a designer of model windmills and sundials, and even as a writer of verse. As a very young undergraduate he invented the binomial theorem, the differential and integral calculus, and then discovered the laws that govern gravitation.

He went on to construct telescopes, discover the spectrum, and other startling things in optics, as well as enunciating the laws of motion.

For 31 years he remained an underpaid professor at Cambridge, and then as Warden of the Mint devoted years to reforming the coinage as well as the calendar. He managed also to find time to interest himself in mysticism and theology.

As Professor Andrade has wisely said:

"If we were to try to represent Newton's achievements by some modern analogy we should think of one man who, starting in 1900, say, had done the fundamental work of Einstein, Planck, Bohr and Schroedinger, and much of that of Rutherford, Alfred Fowler and Paschen, say, by 1930, and then had become, say, Governor of the Bank of England, besides writing two books of Hibbert lectures and spending much of his time on psychical research."

Certainly the Royal Society never boasted a more brilliant or more modest President. "In no other mind," said Macaulay, "have the demonstrative faculty and the inductive faculty co-existed in such supreme excellence and perfect harmony."

In our own day Bernard Shaw, with great art and considerable understanding, drew an admirable portrait of the great scientist in his play *In Good King Charles's Golden Days*.

Newton's modesty is well illus-



NEWTON, AGED ABOUT 80, BY THORNHILL. Both portraits belong to Lord Lymington, to whom they have descended through Newton's niece

trated by the fact that he published nothing of himself. But for Halley the world would never have enjoyed *Principia*, for it was he who tracked Newton to his college, drew from him his great discoveries, and generously gave them to the world.

In appearance Newton had a lively and piercing eye, a comely, gracious aspect, with a fine head of hair as white as silver. Although he lived to be nearly 85 he never wore spectacles and retained all his faculties unimpaired to the end. By nature he was as generous as he was untidy and absent-minded. Wordsworth saw in the Trinity statue "The marble index of a mind for ever voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone."

We may well be content to leave his character at that, but the occasion of the tercentenary of his birth might be celebrated by a re-reading of *Principia*, if not in the original Latin, at least in one of the many adequate translations. As Professor Hardy said: "Most people have some appreciation of mathematics, just as most people can enjoy a pleasant tune: and there are probably more people really interested in mathematics than in music."

"The trouble is that most people are so frightened of the name of mathematics that they are ready, quite unaffectedly, to exaggerate their own mathematical stupidity."

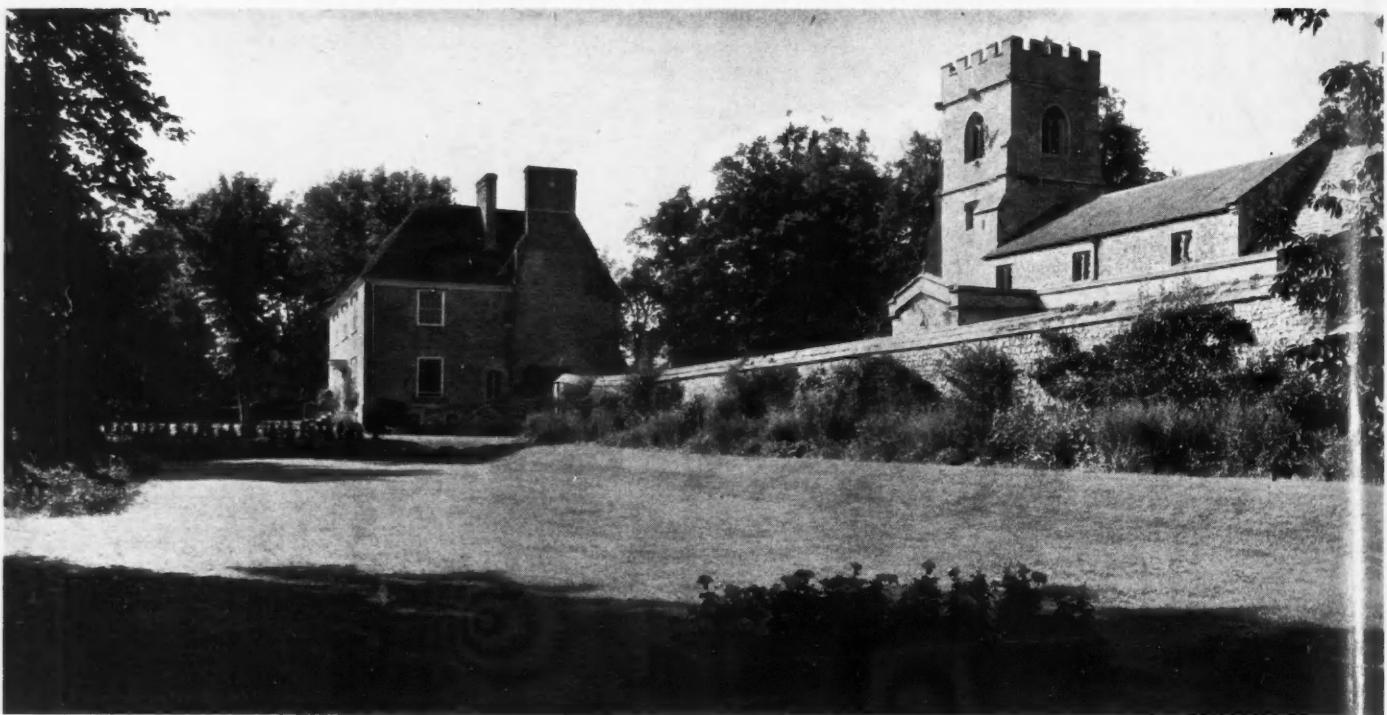
Sir James Jeans and Professor Eddington have done much to help us to overcome that fright and there is an intellectual treat awaiting those who are not afraid to tackle Newton's *Principia*.

And if you cannot bring yourself to take this bold step there still remains the easier homage, the pilgrimage to Woolsthorpe.

On the Great North Road, remember, just six miles south of Grantham,



**"The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone"**
**ROUBILIAC'S STATUE OF NEWTON AT TRINITY
COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE**



1.—MANOR HOUSE AND CHURCH FROM THE BOWLING GREEN

THE MANOR HOUSE, OGBOURNE ST. GEORGE, WILTS.

THE HOME OF MR. AND HON. MRS. OLIVER FROST

A former property of King's College, Cambridge, and previously an "alien" priory, the Court Rolls of the Manor are among the oldest in existence. The date 1619 on the house probably indicates its age.

COLLEGE bursaries can tell some of the oldest of all stories about the land and its people. Lately we explored Parsonage Farm at Stanton Harcourt in these pages, which belongs to All Souls College, Oxford, and whose tenants had kept everything about the house just as it was in Charles II's time. The manor of Ogbourne St. George, remote in the Wilt-

shire Downs between Marlborough and Swindon, has had a great number of tenants and was one of Henry VI's original endowments of King's College, Cambridge, in 1441. Before that it had belonged to a Norman abbey, Bec Herlouin, whose muniments passed with the property and so carry the intimate records of these fields and their cultivators back longer than the annals of Parliament—to about 1246.

There are two Ogbournes (*Domesday*: Ocheburne=Occa's stream). St. Andrew lies two miles south along the valley from St. George. In *Domesday*, Miles Crispin held "Ocheburne Harold," some 3,000 acres in extent, of the King. Soon after 1100 both manors are found in the hands of Maud of Wallingford, heiress of the prominent Oxfordshire Norman family of D'Oiley, and she gave them to Bec Abbey. Ogbourne forthwith became the capital "cell" of the Benedictines of Bec in this country, and there is reference to a priory being built here. No vestiges of any buildings survive, and the community was dissolved in 1414 by Henry V under his suppression of the "alien" priories

—a security measure prompted by the belief that foreign priests were fifth columnists, or at least spies, in the pay of France. There followed a confused period, during which the King's brother, John, Duke of Bedford, assigned the spiritualities of the manor to the short-lived college attached to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, whose management of their properties was so lax that a Commission of Enquiry was appointed in 1438. The temporalities were soon afterwards given by Henry VI to King's, but, after his deposition, were transferred by the Yorkist *régime* to the London Charterhouse. Eventually, under Henry VIII, King's was confirmed in possession of Ogbourne on payment of an annual sum to the Charterhouse, which, however, was shortly afterwards dissolved, and with King's the manor remained till 1927.

All this seems to have made very little difference to the people of Ogbourne, who followed the rotation of the seasons on a mediæval manor, with their ploughings and sowings and reapings and holidays, whoever their lord might be. The Court Rolls, some of which are among the earliest known, are those of a Court Baron, dealing with such matters as surrenders and admittances to copyhold land, the appointment of constables and tything men, the upkeep of roads and bridges, trimming hedges and cleaning ditches; and a *View of Francpledge*, i.e. a court resembling the modern petty sessions, which dealt with trespasses on the common land or their overloading with cattle, small debts, and assaults. The smallest misdemeanours came before it. In 1315 Walter Upham was fined 3d. for letting his chickens trespass in the corn of the lord (the Herlih monks seem to have been aggravating landlords). At the same court a man called Walter Niwomen was fined 6d. because his dog trespassed on the land of Dom Robert the chaplain. In 1342 the vicar got into trouble for that he "unjustly drew the blood



2.—JACOBEAN BRICKWORK WITH GEORGIAN ALTERATIONS



3.—THE SOUTH FRONT AS ALTERED IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

of William Webb's pledge," *i.e.* someone who was standing surety for Webb. In Tudor times the downlands begin to give some local colour to these personal fragments. A horse-thief, one Nicolas Williams *alias* Michael Thomas in 1523 tried to take sanctuary in the church; 50 years later tenants of the manor were forbidden to keep greyhounds—perhaps the College gentlemen were asserting their sporting rights over the downs—and, oddly, many persons were prosecuted for

unlawfully playing "ball." This was in the cause of national defence: it was feared that the encouragement of ball games might attract boys from the more important pastime of archery. Several Acts of Parliament were passed in Elizabeth's and James I's reigns prohibiting idle games.

In later centuries the College met the rise in real values, not by raising the rent, but charging each new tenant of the manor a large fine, which began to be supplemented

in the sixteenth century with annual payments in kind. The then tenant had to drive to Cambridge "ten score fat wethers," each of which had to weigh at least 40 lb. after its head had been cut off and the heart and entrails removed. In 1605 this number was reduced to six score, plus a quota of wheat and barley. By 1700 the tenant had to deliver 20 carcasses in addition to the live wethers. This payment "by drove" was not commuted to cash (£126) till 1804. By



4.—THE JACOBEAN NORTH FRONT



5.—THE OAK STAIRCASE, PROBABLY CONSTRUCTED ABOUT 1620

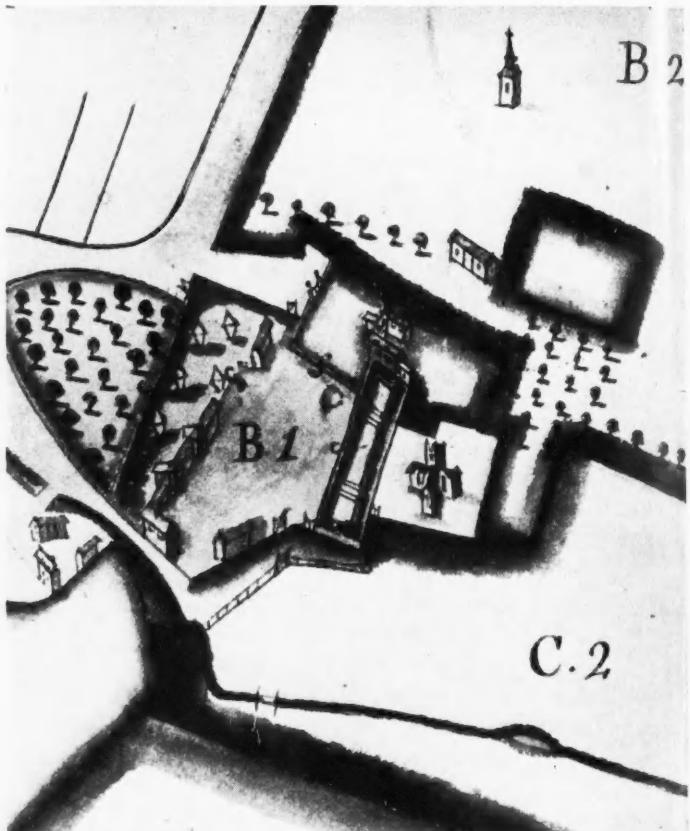


6.—FORMERLY THE FRONT DOOR, NOW IN THE LIBRARY

then a more familiar feature of the Wiltshire landscape is referred to in a lease: the existence of racing stables in a field on the property.

But among all the mass of records, which would give material for an almost complete social history of a mediæval manor, there is little information about the manor house. Almost as soon as the property had come into the hands of the College, it was leased to the family of Goddard, of whom Thomas and his wife (d. 1517) are commemorated by a brass in the church. The tenants were made responsible for the repair and upkeep of the buildings except in regard to "stone and great timber." Since the existing house is built of brick, no entries occur under that head, and only relatively small sums in respect of stone and timber are recorded—55s. 8d. in 1516, and £6 17s. 6d. (for repairs which were disallowed) in 1517. There is, however, a survey plan compiled in 1751 (Fig. 7) by John Doherty of Worcester, which gives the impression that the house was once a good deal larger.

Then, as now, the village street led off the Marlborough road towards the farm and yards of the manor farm. Taking a turn round these, the approach brought one to a pair of gate-piers in front of the house, which still exist. West of the house was the pigeon-cote



7.—THE MANOR IN 1751, FROM A SURVEY PLAN

and the "race-horse stables," and to the east lay a long bowling green (Fig. 1) with the church alongside it. But the plan shows a U-shaped house, with wings running northwards forming a court, whereas to-day there is no sign of them on what is now the entrance front (Fig. 4).

The house in its present form is a rectangle, roofed with two parallel ridges joined at the ends so that the effect is of a hipped roof. At either end is a massive chimney stack (Fig. 2). The walls are of a mellow brick on a stone foundation. The north front retains mullioned and transomed windows, but the south front was evidently modernised towards the end of the eighteenth century, when sash windows were inserted, apparently retaining the original drip-mouldings. The front door has a flat hood of which the brackets, early Georgian in type, were found elsewhere. On the end walls ordinary sash windows were inserted, in some cases making use of the earlier relieving arches which are a feature of the little-altered north front. Beside the east chimney is an almost round-headed stone doorway; other original details are of late Tudor or Jacobean type.

The south front is occupied by two rooms of which that west of the centre line is now the library (Fig. 8) and seems, from its wide fireplace, to have always been the principal living-room—probably the hall of the original house. Its door of entry is evidently the former front door of the house (Fig. 6), re-erected in this position. The middle of the north side is occupied by a staircase hall, entered

from the front door beneath the landing of the fine old oak staircase (Fig. 5). Adjoining it in the north-east corner is the dining-room (Fig. 10). Its panelling is probably contemporary with the staircase which, with its Inigo Jones pattern balusters, is unlikely to be earlier than about 1620.

The date 1619 occurs in a stone panel at the top of the east chimney stack. This may well be the date of the house's building. Hitherto the occupants had been, so far as one can tell from the leases, of the yeoman type. But in 1623 it was let to Thomas Bond of the Middle Temple. It is possible that Bond was a trustee, but he continued as lessee till 1648, when John Hall of Gray's Inn obtained it, and in 1663 John Bond resumed the lease and is described as "of Ogbourne." Again in 1693 a London man became lessee, John Jeffreys of St. Mary Axe.

The most likely time for a reconstruction of the house was at the juncture when it was ceasing to be a tenant farmer's home pure and simple. Possibly a reduction in the rent from £69 to £46 made to Richard Younge, tenant, in 1605 may have been connected with his expenses in re-building, but he had also to find 34 quarters of wheat and 46 quarters of barley annually in lieu of the reduction. A date about 1620 is borne out by the plan and design of the house as it stands. The mediæval arrangement of a single-span roof and a hall was by then being generally abandoned in favour of more compact planning such as is illustrated by the placing of the staircase beside the hall here. In the original design there may well have been gabled dormers giving a more characteristically Jacobean air to the house, but done away with when the south front was altered. As to the wings shown in the survey plan, they were clearly no structural part of the 1620 house, which is complete as it stands. But on the east chimney the outline of a roof is traceable above the upper floor suggesting that a wing was subsequently added here, and presumably on the other side too. The basement may possibly be of monastic origin, since there is the opening to a vaulted passage apparently running in the direction of the church.

After various Londoners had leased the manor, in 1747 it was taken by the Right Hon. Horatio Walpole, of Wolterton, the diplomat brother of the Prime Minister and later first Baron Walpole. His only evident connection with Ogbourne is that he was a Fellow of King's. If he shared his brother Robert's interest in sport, a point on which his biography is silent, he may have wanted a hunting or hawking "box" on the Wiltshire downs. Otherwise his motive is obscure. Succeeding tenants were Thomas Halton of Savile Row (1755), Peter Thomegay, merchant, of College Hill (till 1777), Thomas Ryder of Lincoln's Inn (1782-1804). The interest of these city gentlemen in this remote little house may have been connected with a racing stable. Subsequently members of the Canning family held the lease for many years. In 1927 the College sold the freehold to the late Major Harry Colemore, 7th Hussars, who established a racing stable on the property. He sold it in 1934 to the late Mrs. Winifred Eva Tatton, and she, in 1936, to the present owner.

The interest of Mr. Frost's alterations, for which the architects were Messrs. Pakington and Enthoven, lies in the way the bones of the old house have been dealt with in a sympathetic but contemporary manner. Everything possible has been done to conserve original character where this existed; for example the three-light lower windows on the south front are copied from those above, replacing later substitutes, and the garden door hood is new, using old brackets. But in the much altered interior, no attempt has been made to reproduce a period atmosphere. The library has, at either end, finely detailed but up-to-date oak bookcases, made by Andrew A. Pegram, who is also the maker of the walnut dining-room suite. Bedrooms and service quarters are entirely contemporary in treatment, for example the south-east bedroom (Fig. 9). This is as it should be in a house that, as shown by the researches made for Mr. Frost into the College records, has a most ancient history but has not taken a deep impress from any period or personality.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



8.—THE LIBRARY IN THE SOUTH FRONT



9.—A CONTEMPORARY BEDROOM



10.—THE DINING-ROOM, WITH PLEASANT MODERN FURNITURE

BUFFETS AND REWARDS

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

WHAT constitutes bad luck in golf? The only obvious answer to the question is that it is the kind of luck of which we get a great deal and our adversary never gets any at all. Apart from that it is, I fear, beyond my powers to give a satisfactory definition. Very often that which we call bad luck only amounts when severely analysed to a lack of prescience on our part. A ball, perfectly struck and apparently heading straight for the hole clear of all difficulties, on a sudden takes a diabolical kick and bounds at right angles into a bunker. That is beyond doubt an infuriating circumstance, but it may well be that another ball equally well struck and pitching in the same spot would behave in exactly the same way. The fault was really in our lack of knowledge of some strange idiosyncrasy of the ground. It seems to me that bad luck in the strictest sense must be due to something altogether extraneous, which the player could not possibly have foreseen or prevented, and even so I have no doubt some person of logical mind could drive a coach and four through my poor little definition.

Supposing that it be allowed to pass, I can only think of one bit of bad luck that has befallen me in some 58 years of golf. I once hit a brasserie shot to a hidden green and nobody had the faintest doubt that the ball must be on the green. No ball was found, neither on the green nor in the country round it, which held no cover for as much as a mushroom. I lost the hole, which in all human possibility I should have won and in consequence the match, and long afterwards it was discovered that a young woman passing by had pocketed the ball and vanished. Unless it be argued that I ought to have sent my caddie forward some 180 yds. up a hill to guard against thievish young ladies, then I am entitled to call that bad luck; but if it is the only genuine instance in a long life of golf, then I have little right to complain.

* * *

There are no doubt converse instances of a piece of outrageous good luck on our enemy's part which becomes bad luck for us. A friend of mine once started a round at Prestwich by striking over the wall on to the railway line whence the ball rebounded on to the course. He did precisely the same thing with his second, and this time the ball not merely came back off the line and on to the green but ran into the hole. I was not playing with him at the time, but if I had been I might justly have bemoaned myself. Most instances of this sort are not so clear-cut; there is generally involved one of those insoluble arguments as what would have happened to the ball if something else had not.

There was a great match in an Amateur Championship at St. Andrews in which Bobby Jones beat Cyril Tolley at the nineteenth hole. At the seventeenth Bobby's ball unquestionably hit a spectator, but whether it would have gone into the road if it had not who shall say? I have no opinion myself, for I was flying for my life at the time with a yell of "Fore!" ringing in my ears. Enough that some people were convinced that the ball must have ended on the road and others were equally sure that it would have been nowhere near it. If it had the result of the match might have been very different and that is the most we can say.

When it comes to defining good luck we are on rather safer ground. "My, but you was a lucky yin. Bad played—didn't deserve it" is a remark quoted of the great Jamie Anderson, who in his day probably played fewer bad shots than anyone else. It seems to supply us with a definition. Any stroke played otherwise than as we intended which yet attains the intended object is, I suggest, a lucky shot. One's memory tends to be personal in these matters and I have a vivid recollection of the luckiest shot I ever played; indeed I cannot conceive of a luckier played even by an enemy. Those who know the sixteenth hole at Woking will recall that a pond stretches practically all the way from tee to green. In a foursome, then in a most crucial state and with a not negligible stake depending

on it, my ball ducked and draked not once but twice across the surface of the pond and ended in effect stone dead.

Now since I am being egotistical let me narrate another hole of my own in which good and bad luck alternated in a remarkable manner. It was in one of the Ladies and Men matches at Stoke Poges (what fun they were!) and I was playing Miss Wethered. At the seventeenth hole I pushed out my drive and it lay clear under the branches of the big tree to the right. That was undoubtedly good luck for I might have been unplayable, but still the shot was not an easy one and when I had hit the best brasserie shot I ever did hit, skimming under the overhanging bough and then soaring divinely to the green, I thought I had almost washed out the reproach of being lucky. My putt was laid stone dead, my half of the hole (giving a stroke) apparently secure when I was laid a dead and horrible stymie. That was in the circumstances bad luck and I felt sadly ill-used. However the story will now end with an outrageous piece of good luck. I meant to pitch straight into the hole—it was the only thing to hope for; I mishit the ball so that it took one hop short of my adversary's ball, leaped lightly over it and went in. Fortune certainly fluctuated at that hole but on the whole it was doubtless on my side.

* * *

At the time I rather fancy I kept my own council as to that lofting shot and made no admissions. Perhaps that is the wisest course, since some of the lookers-on may not have exactly observed what happened. For that matter the very discreet player who never confesses, as I have done, may baffle the critics to all eternity. There was once a famous finish in the last and decisive single in the University

Match at Rye. The Oxford man had cut his second over the green, so that it lay at the foot of the steep bank to the right. Cambridge hopes rose high, for it was an odious place; to pitch and stay anywhere near the hole was nearly impossible and to run the ball up the bank involved the chance of all manners of bumps and lumps. All I can state is that which actually happened; the player took some more or less lofted club and the ball clambered up the steep grass bank and lay nearly dead. We of Cambridge said, ungenerously, that he had meant to pitch and that it was an infernal fluke; Oxford to a man proclaimed it a great shot; the player, as far as I know, said nothing, and what had been in his mind I do not know to this day. At this distance of time I must give him the benefit of the doubt; it was a great shot.

* * *

Those who favour the running shot as against the pitch are always liable to malignant insinuations from the pitchers, and it may be that sometimes they have hit the ball just a *leettle* lower than they intended; no man is bound to incriminate himself in such matters. It is beyond question that some people obtain a reputation among their habitual adversaries for being lucky in the matter of jumping bunkers. They certainly do seem, year in and year out, to jump too many, but they are usually players who hit the ball with a good deal of top spin, and a ball so struck has considerable leaping powers. A hooker is more likely to be lucky in this respect than a slicer and, since it is the more manly of two vices, I suppose he may be said to deserve his luck. There are also some who to our envious eyes always stop just on the edge of disaster without ever going into it; but these are often players of great accuracy, who so seldom go off the line that we notice it as a remarkable circumstance whenever they go near a bunker. It is perhaps one of the consolations of growing older and shorter that we gain a reputation for luck of this sort; we cannot hit far enough to reach the trouble.

COCK

WHAT wonderful air you have up here!" sighed the visitor as she rattled over the hills of Donegal in a jaunting car.

"Is it air ye want?" said the driver, pugnaciously. "By my sowl, woman, it's tough!"

Tough it can be, but rarely in mid-autumn, when kelp and turf smoke scent the air and fuchsia hedges are crimson and tiny cornfields yellow in the sunshine. Sweet sings the robin from his holly tree over the stream, yet wistfully as if he were listening for something more than the echo.

This limpid autumn song always takes me back to happier autumns in a Donegal fishing village where irregular fields full of rocks and wild flowers fringed the madder-brown hills, and Atlantic waves lapped the shores of a sheltered sea lough. On the rocks stood a ruined castle and beside it a Napoleonic fortress, turned into a private hotel, where we used to stay. The approach was from the north, in the grim shade of a great round tower and under the frown of rows of barred windows.

* * *

Once through the double-doored arch, into the keystone of which the date 1807 was cut, one walked out on to a sunny grass terrace with whitewashed buildings and beds of nasturtium and dahlias on one side and the battlements, with the sea below, on the other. From these battlements ivy-choked curtain walls tumbled 100 ft. to the Lower Works, a semi-circle of gun emplacements manned by a grey-headed talkative garrison of jackdaws and grazed by two elderly sheep. Here, on the battlements, one was always tempted to linger just listening to bird and sea sounds, and watching the fast-running tide, the shifting lights on the further strand and cloud shadows creeping up the blue flat-topped mountain beyond with its sheer southern face and gigantic gendarme.

ROBIN

But Archie, the man-of-all-work (known to his brother who keeps the local inn as "the gentleman up at the Fort") having seen our arrival, is bent on getting us indoors to meet his mistress and be led down whitewashed passages till we reach our room, which may well have Powder Magazine or Master Gunner, or even Cell 3 Men painted in white on its grey door.

* * *

All this, however, is but a guide-book description of a place whose spirit defies definition. What words could describe those sounds of the wind and the sea that piped through loopholes and boomed in the dungeons, sighed up stone spiral stairways and whispered in every room till the whole labyrinthine fort was murmurous as a fluted sea shell? Or the look it wore of a wild beast crouched on a rock, watching slit-eyed and waiting to spring? Or the contrasting homeliness within where turf fires and oil lamps burned, and the linen was linen, and a wrinkled blue-eyed old woman sat in the kitchen sewing fine needlework and telling the cups of "the gentry"?

I like to remember that my last bewitching view of this place was from a boat, into which Archie had stowed our kit. As we pushed out of the rocky inlet at the foot of the Lower Works and hoisted sail, our hostess waved good-bye from the battlements high above us, a miniature figure against that vast masonry. We sailed on and little by little tower and bastioned walls faded into the countryside and no man could say where they stood, or whether indeed they had not already passed into legend, along with Columb and Patrick and the Spanish Gold in the bay.

* * *

All things seemed possible in that land of green magic before the war, and still seem so now whenever I come on leave. Even the American soldier appeared to believe in the pumpkin-into-coach kind of magic when he said

to my wife, as she pushed the empty folding pram: "Say, gimme a ride in the buggy!"

This leave being in Brontë country, I have learned much about that astonishing family and their wild tales handed down from father to son, still told to the world in the writings of Charlotte, Emily and Anne; and about Hugh Brontë, the uncle, who swore to avenge the family honour when *Jane Eyre* was so slated in the *Quarterly Review*, and to avenge it in a way most of us have dreamed of sometime or other.

He dug up, from one of his fields, a blackthorn long cherished for such purpose, hardened it right after night in warm ashes, steeped it in pine and rubbed it with train oil. Then, having shot a magpie and drained its blood into a cup, he polished with the "lappered blood" this shillelagh-to-be till it shone glossy black. Armed with this child of his wrath he took boat for England, walked to Haworth and thence to London to hunt down the reviewer whose acidity, coupled with the loyalty of the editorial staff, alone saved him—or, as it later transpired, her.

A Brontë had occupied, till quite recently, the house next door to where I was staying and Tom, the gardener there, was as much of

a character as any of the family—a big man, with shaggy brows and the humorous, far-seeing eyes so many gardeners own from long working with elemental earth and long handling, Lob-like, of wayward flowers (no need for him to call transplanting "chance-planting" as does another gardener I know). His garden ran up the mountainside, a suntrap for butterflies crowding the Michaelmas daisies and bees in the purple frills of the fuchsia.

In such cloistered beauty, cut off from the wilderness of sea and woodland and heather without, it seemed as if the sundial on the emerald soft-piled lawn surely lied and Time could not fly.

As we walked down alleys of dahlias and waxen-flowered holly, Tom talked of his grafting and pruning experiments, and of the queer way weeds have of seeding themselves near plants which they resemble, and of the miraculous bounty of nature which offers a herbal cure for all human ills.

He talked too of Canada, where he had worked and hunted and fished with the Red Indians, and of his great regard for that people—who neither knew nor cared for the value of money—so victimised by civilisation. He recalled how one chief, who used to sit, rifle

on knee, watching him work and knowing his own dinner lay up in the forest, whenever he chose to stalk and kill it, had once said: "White man work dam' hard—die soon!"

Tom anyway seems now to have the best of both worlds, white and red, working hard in old age within sound of the mountain stream where the sea trout lie and whose every run and pool he knows. Like those others who farm on the skirts of this granite mountain, he inherits the earth and its beauty. What better host could a god, stepping down from the cloud-capped summit, wish for, or what fitter lodging than one of these thatched white-washed cottages with fuchsia-hedged path to its door, red cart and turf stack in yard, a grass field, a cornfield, and a field for potatoes?

Perhaps, indeed, these fortunate folk, whenever they cast out crumbs to the birds, do even now entertain unawares some cherubic godlet who's turned himself into a robin and bobs and sings on rock and arbutus, or hops from cloot to new-turned fragrant cloot as the man and his boy move up the field lifting potatoes. Did the other birds know this, I wonder, when once upon a time they fell a-sighing and a-sobbing?

G. R. S.

CORRESPONDENCE

FROM A PRISONER OF WAR

SIR.—You have printed letters from my son's prison camp before; now I am sending two extracts, hoping that your readers may enjoy them, as they are cheerful and happy. He is Captain T. C. N. Gibbons, R.A.M.C., and is at Stalag IX C, Kommando 432 B, Germany.

"After no letters for six weeks I had 12 yesterday—a great delight. The Russians here sing beautifully most evenings. I have learnt the tunes of two songs from their leader and got the words translated and am sending the two best on two postcards. [They never arrived.]

"I go regularly to church services here. They are conducted in rotation by a Presbyterian with thundering extracts from the O.T., then a Salvation Army private with a long sermon and also a Captain Cooper, very good, who will not allow himself to preach. I had no idea before how beautiful our translation of the Bible and the prayers in the Prayer Book are! This is an infectious hospital; however there is no risk whatever as we work under hygienically-ideal circumstances.

"Thanks most awfully for the June parcel which came in record time on August 19. The clothes are just right as we have the pipes on in winter. German prisoners I am told most miss the central heating.

"I have a lovely watch from Mrs. John Brown of Massachusetts, whose husband was at Westminster School with me years ago. She read in COUNTRY LIFE of your difficulty in sending a watch, so posted this. It goes beautifully, and I thought it most kind of her.

"We are so grateful for the Red Cross parcels—they have saved our lives. Indeed we had quite a store when English came from Dieppe—we had plenty for all. We also have had sent us special epidemic parcels in case of need—special vaccines, and so on. I look after 50 Serbs—I always keep one who speaks German and get their complaints through him in German. The men are unrecognisable when they have been here for a while. The Russians are really wonderful—they are incredibly cheerful and grateful. Our work has been truly worth while at three-fourths what others have done for us. We are sure to get German *grands blesés* from now onwards.

"I forgot to say we got some extra food from the Turkish Red Cross, and some coffee from the Venezuelan Red Cross."

The many women who work hard packing prisoners' parcels—they don't get heard of much—may be glad to read this letter.—SALLIE HARTLEY GIBBENS, 28, Holland Park, London, W.11.

TRADITIONAL SWORD DANCING

SIR.—Few traditional English folk-dance teams remained active, even before the war. It is therefore of interest to be able to report that the Royal Earsdon Sword Dancers occasionally leave their vital war work in a Northumberland coalfield to demonstrate with agile precision and rhythm, the ancient dance of their locality. The swords are of the "rapper" type, short and flexible, and the photograph shows one of the rapid evolutions of the dance. The demonstration formed part of a larger event organised jointly by the E.F.D.S. and the C.E.M.A., and held in the grounds of Durham Castle. As there is no young team coming on behind the present one, and most of the members are middle-aged or elderly, it is likely that this dance as a traditional type will die out.—W. FISHER CASSIE, Woolsington, Northumberland.

A ROYAL STROKE ON ASHDOWN FOREST

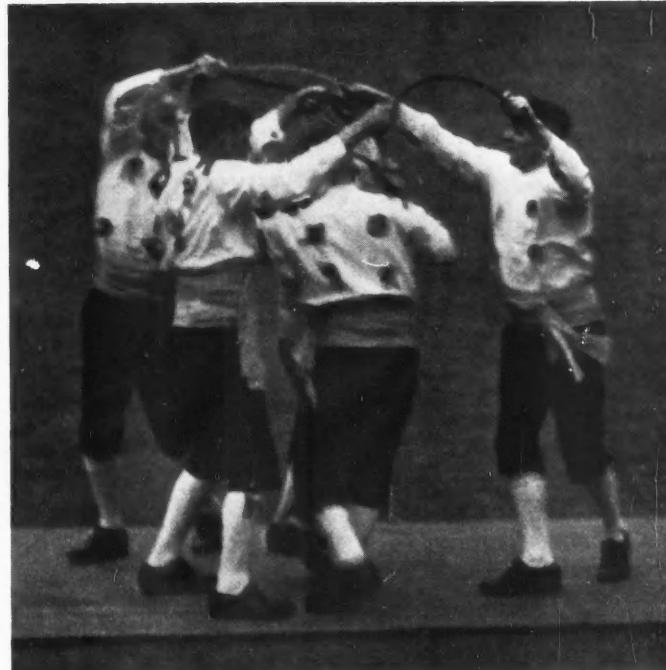
SIR.—A member of our club has sent me a copy of COUNTRY LIFE dated October 30, in which there is a letter from Sir Clive Morrison-Bell.

He referred to my 50 years' service with the club and wondered if I knew why the club was made Royal. He is very little wrong as to details and has given a splendid idea of the proceedings.

I came here as professional on September 29, 1892, and it was in 1893 that the troops were on Ashdown Forest. The exact spot on which the marquee was pitched was in the centre of what is now the tenth fairway of the Royal Ashdown Forest Ladies' Golf Course.

The day having arrived, I, with several members and the committee (at the time and place appointed), met His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge to witness the "driving off" ceremony. I made the club for the occasion and had a suitable band inscribed and fixed to the shaft.

I remember distinctly His Royal Highness coming from the marquee and walking over to the bit of level ground which we had selected for the tee. He was handed (and given) the



THE ANCIENT SWORD DANCE OF EARSDON

(See letter "Traditional Sword Dancing")

club and for "a very old gentleman didn't do so badly." He then most kindly asked me to have a shot. The ball having been retrieved I teed it again and, thank heaven, hit a beauty.

He congratulated me on my effort, and then had a short conversation with members of the committee and with our first secretary, Mr. R. Peregrin Birch.

By this time the ball (a Silver-town) had again been retrieved and I proceeded to "pouch it," as I intended to keep it as a souvenir of the great occasion. On our way back to the club, the Rev. C. C. Woodland, Vicar of Hammerwood, wanted to have a shot with the ball. I endeavoured to put him off the idea, but he was so persistent that at last I gave in, at the same time telling him he would be sure to lose it. He did lose it, for he half-topped the shot and it landed in the middle of an acre patch of whins. I hunted the best part of three days for it, but alas! never found it.

The following early history of the club may be of interest to hundreds of your readers who can look back with pleasure to happy days golfing on the tee.

On December 22, 1888, a meeting

was held at the Brambletye Hotel, Forest Row, to give effect to a desire that a golf club and links be formed on Ashdown Forest, Sussex. The club was named The Ashdown Forest and Tunbridge Wells Golf Club.

On May 6, 1889, the first competition was held. The scratch prize was won by Mr. F. G. (Freddy) Tait, with a score of 91.

Mr. Bruce Dick won the Captain's Prize with a score of 106—12 = 94. Mr. C. E. Dick was round in 98.

There were 12 scores returned over 120 gross. The last item of interest in the report of this competition was that "The above does not represent all the players but merely those who brought their cards in." There were 25 cards returned.

Dunn never was professional attached to the R.A.F.G.C.

Bob Kirk was the club's first professional. He stayed only about a month. Later he told me when I met him at Wallasey, that it was the "heather," which was up to his knees, that drove him away, so perhaps that accounts for the long scores in the first competition.

David Cuthbert was the next to



EIGHTY-FIVE AND SEVENTY-SIX AND STILL SAILING THE SEA

(See letter "The Old Fishermen")

come, but his stay was also very short. Then came Harry Hunter, whose stay was getting on for two years.

The next was a partnership appointment, for it was Hugh Kirkaldy (who won the Open at St. Andrews in 1891) and Jack Ross who took over the duties.

Their stay was not long. Hugh Kirkaldy went back to St. Andrews after three months or so here, for he was a very sick man at the time.

Edward G. LAVELL, Evesham, Worcestershire.

THE OLD FISHERMEN

SIR.—I enclose a photograph which shows one who is possibly Britain's oldest fisherman, 85-year-old Alonso Allen, of Littlehampton (nearest), at work on his nets with his companion, Darkie Thompson, aged

to foretell good or bad weather.—

(still to be seen here) absolving him from any complicity in the plot.—
F. R. WINSTONE, Bristol.

BIRDS ON THE NEST AND RAIN

SIR.—Most birds, with the exception of ducks, sea birds and possibly waders, appear to take shelter from heavy rain whenever possible.

When brooding on their nests, however, they are sometimes unable to do this, and in saving their eggs from becoming chilled they may be exposed to the full force of the weather especially in open positions.

As soon as the weather improves they usually leave their nests to shake themselves and preen their feathers until comparatively dry before returning to duty.

Recently I came upon a hen capercaille in an Angus wood before she had had time to indulge in this drying process, and you may be interested in the accompanying photographs of her.

Earlier in the day I had taken a photograph as she crouched on her eggs, affording a fine example of protective colouring, and had left her undisturbed. Soon afterwards a severe thunderstorm with torrential rain broke over the district and I congratulated myself that I had not by too much movement caused the bird to leave her eggs.

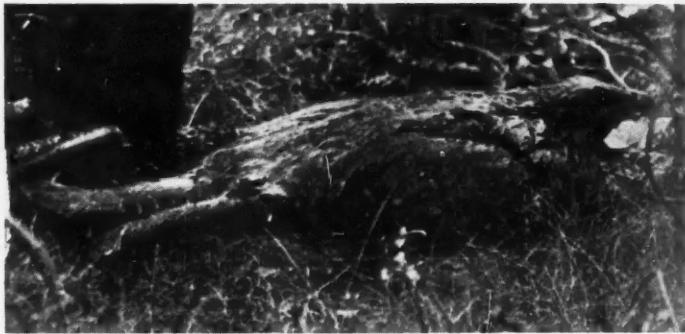
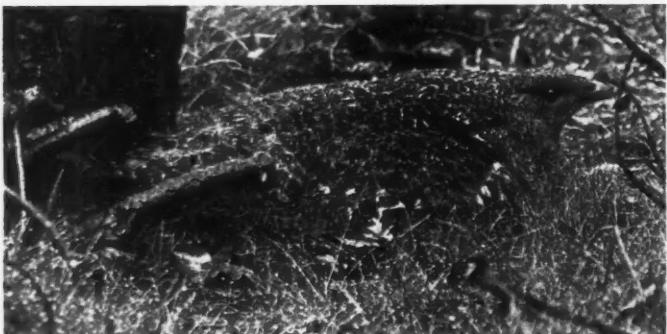
Half an hour later when the storm

ing on May 7, 1898, from Sedbergh over the Fells to Ravenstonedale, via Winder, Langdale and Gaesgill, with two friends and a poacher-naturalist, the late Edward Morris of Sedbergh.

Carrion crows had eggs in Gaesgill, but there were only four pairs of black-headed gulls nesting on Sunbiggin Tarn, where a colony usually existed, and the number of dead birds to be seen round about in the heather was explained by Morris, who told me that the local gamekeeper was destroying them, as the inhabitants from the neighbourhood came annually to collect the gulls' eggs and sell them in the local markets for food, possibly as green plovers.

In a little bay of the tarn I noticed what looked like a deposit of fine gravel, showing up yellow in the peaty water, and I took a handful home in a tin box. Upon examination under a microscope it divulged innumerable minute bivalves (cockspurs as we called them when children) and small, smooth, hard particles of some substance, pierced by tiny holes, made by some form of animalculæ. This had probably passed through generations of gulls when they returned from the sea shores annually to nest.

At the latter end of this walk, before dropping down into Ravenstonedale, we came to a small tarn, more or less covered with broad-bladed grass lying flat on the surface of the water, from which sprang an



THE HEN CAPERCAILLIE ON HER NEST BEFORE AND AFTER THE STORM

(See letter "Birds on the Nest and Rain")

Jack Ross's tenure lasted only six months after his appointment.

The extraordinary thing is that both Kirk and Harry Hunter held their jobs for very many years and here am I still "hanging on" after over 50 years' service.—JOHN ROWE, Royal Ashdown Forest Golf Club, Forest Row.

LEECHES

SIR.—While engaged in sorting out various articles which had accumulated in the attics of his shop, Mr. G. S. D. Aldrich, chemist, Evesham, discovered a fine example of an early nineteenth-century leech bowl. It is made of porcelain, with a simple blue and white design, and the cover is perforated to enable the occupants to obtain a supply of air.

Until as late as the 'nineties *Hirudo medicinalis*, the common medicinal leech, was much employed therapeutically for drawing blood. The earlier part of the century was, however, its hey-day for medical purposes, and in 1832 no fewer than 57½ million of these creatures were imported into France. Leech farming was regarded as a remunerative occupation, large supplies being reared in the Russian provinces. So great was the demand that the Russian Government instituted a close season for leeches.

The saliva of the creatures contains a chemical known as hirudin, which prevents coagulation when mixed with the blood of a wounded person. During the last war it proved useful in saving lives.

Its peculiar habit has given rise to at least one quotation—"To stick to a man like a leech," while play upon

76. In spite of their age, they still put to sea every day in all weathers.

They have been fishing together for close on 50 years now, and Mr. Allen has just completed 70 years at sea, and Mr. Thompson 60 years.

They still work 10 hours a day. After six hours at sea, they return to port and attend to the mending of their nets, packing the fish, and so on. They refuse to give up as long as there's a war on, they told me. They care nothing for mines or attacks by Nazi airmen.—NORMAN WYMER, Appleacre, Ashacre Lane, Worthing.

GREY SQUIRRELS IN DERBYSHIRE

SIR.—Your Midland readers may be interested to hear that two grey squirrels were recently shot at Bretby in South Derbyshire on the estate of Mr. Herbert Wragg, M.P.

So far as I am aware these animals furnish the first record for this district, and I would welcome information from any reader who has met with this species in the counties of Derbyshire, Staffordshire and Leicestershire.—H. J. WAIN, Vice-President, Burton Natural History Society, Dumbleton, Bretby Lane, Burton-on-Trent.

GUY FAWKES PLOT AND CHASLETON HOUSE

SIR.—This fine Cotswold mansion, Chasleton House, Oxfordshire, was sold by Robert Catesby to raise money for the Gunpowder Plot. When the conspiracy was revealed Mr. Walter Jones, who had bought Chasleton, obtained from King James a document

had passed, I returned to the nest and found that the capercaille had, in spite of the openness of the situation, remained on without changing her position, and was now a most bedraggled object, the feathers of her back and head completely soaked as if a bucket of water had been emptied over her.—T. LESLIE SMITH, Ashwood, Broughton Ferry, Angus.

A WATER-HEN PROBLEM

SIR.—I was recently reminded of a curious find which I made when walk-



SOLD TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE GUNPOWDER PLOT

(See letter "Guy Fawkes Plot and Chasleton House")

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I proceeded over my boot tops in the water, and I wondered if it had been formed by grass seeds blowing on to scum which might have arisen from the tarn bottom, and taken root.

The erection proved to be a nest of the water-hen (*Gallinula chloropus*) containing eight eggs, and I saw the bird save as I approached it.

It is well known that the water-hen occasionally chooses an unusual site for its nest, other than the water side. Indeed, when fishing on the tarn above Hay in May, 1920, I came across an instance which seems another case of forethought, as illustrated by Mr. Hosking. I had waded down a gravel gradient, covered with swift-running deep water, for which I was fishing the pool edged with tall willows, where a fish (a big one by the feel) relieved me of my fly twice, and eventually cast, with intervals of rest in between, without showing itself.

A shout from the bank well above my head, barely heard owing to the noise of the rushing river, informed me that the local cobbler had been watching me, and I noted that his voice had disturbed a water-



WILLIAM IV AND HIS QUEEN
(See letter "Reform Bill Mug")

particular, habitually add to their nest while incubation is in progress, building it up regardless of weather and water. It is part of their pattern of incubatory behaviour and apparently has nothing to do with possible floods. Many sound observers question whether the mind of a bird is of the type to allow it to plan ahead and look forward to the possibility of a rise in the water-level.—ED.]

AN EGYPTIAN VASE

SIR.—While Warwick is rightly proud of having probably one of the most famous vases in the world, the renowned Grecian vase kept in Warwick Castle, it is interesting to note that there is another vase in this old town. This vase, though smaller and with no great claim to beauty, still merits our attention.

It was brought from Egypt to this country by the Earl of Warwick early in the seventeenth century and presented to the then Master of the Hospital, the Rev. John Kendall. Its use in Egypt appears at one time to have been governed by the Roman Emperor Hadrian. He

it was who, in the year 123 A.D., set it up on the top of a pillar by the banks of the Nile and used it as a "landmark" to mark his progress through his empire of that date.

It is composed of volcanic tufa.

It rests now, framed by a Norman relic of the original chapel of St. James, in the garden of the Master of the Hospital, to whom I am indebted for its interesting history.—KENNETH G. MOREMAN, Bristol.

REFORM BILL MUG

SIR.—I shall be interested if you can explain the accompanying tracing for

me. It is from a black and white jug I was recently given. On the reverse side is a picture of a rotten tree labelled "The Rotten Borough System"; on its branches are birds in nests. It is being propped up by four or five men obviously representing the Church, the Law, and the Landed Gentry. On the other side is a group of men about to attack it with axes which are labelled "Chop" and "Hack."

Is the man under the outsized crown William IV? If so, why the pavilion (?) in the background? The three other figures presumably represent Ireland, England, and Scotland.

—DENYS BLEWITT, Buxted Hall, Colchester.

[Evidently a Reform Bill mug. Our correspondent's identification of the persons illustrated seems correct, but the building in the background was probably intended to represent not the Brighton Pavilion (though there is some resemblance) but "the Englishman's home," balanced by his Church, and the whole scene to symbolise Crown and Constitution as the hill, or protection, of the folk of the United Kingdom. King William is duly shown as a "sailor king" and presumably his companion represents Queen Adelaide, though not, it would seem, so flatteringly as her royal husband.—ED.]

A FINE TITHE BARN

SIR.—Recent letters about tithe barns lead me to send this photograph of the largest one I myself have ever seen—at Wichenford, near Worcester. This barn, which is close to the manor house, is still in use, and cannot be adequately represented by a single picture. Note the wattles. I have



AN EGYPTIAN VASE IN A WARWICK GARDEN

(See letter "An Egyptian Vase")

hen from its nest above his head. The water-level was a good 4 ft. lower than the bank where he stood, and the nest was 6 ft. above that. There had been much rain with thunderstorms for some days, and the river had been in flood, as was proved by the driftwood, etc., sticking in the willows to a height of 4 ft. above the bank level. Whether the birds had foreseen floods when building their nest, I cannot say, though floods were not unusual in the district, particularly if rain had fallen in the hills to the west.

Reverting to the water-hens on the Fells, even if they had foreseen rainstorms and consequent rise in the water level of the tarn, the latter could not have been at most more than 2 or 3 ins. The conformation of the surrounding moorland suggested very little, if any, draining of moisture into the tarn, and though there was a fair amount of rainfall in the district usually, the level of the tarn, whose banks were only 2 or 3 ins. high, was not likely to be raised much. Altogether this seemed an example of misdirected energy or misuse of their power to anticipate flooding. In addition, the birds were going out of their way to advertise their nest, both to human beings and to foes like carrion crows, which would appreciate their eggs.

It will always remain a mystery to me why these water-hens wasted so much energy and time.—RICHARD E. KNOWLES, Birles Road, near Macclesfield.

[Our correspondent's remarks raise an interesting query, whether birds do "foresee" coming weather changes, floods and so on, or whether we misread their actions. Many birds, and the water-hen (moor-hen) in

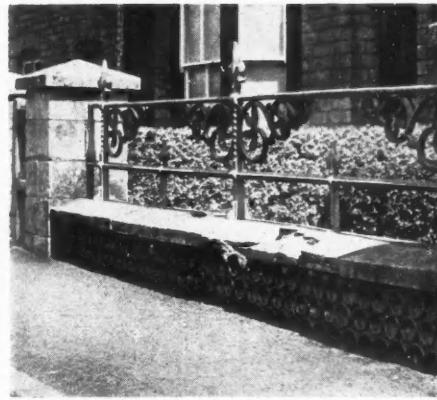
never seen this barn pictured or referred to in print. Perhaps some of your readers have further information about it.—EDWARD RICHARDSON, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

THE STRANGE WALL

SIR.—These ancient bottles which once held sparkling wines now contain cement and mark boundaries instead of festive occasions. The wall is to be seen in the Cotswold town of Tetbury.—E. THOMAS, Bournemouth.

NYMPH FISHING

SIR.—For many years I have caught far more trout in chalk streams on a nymph than on any other fly, but unlike most people I fish the nymph (or try to fish it) absolutely dry and on the surface. It is not easy to make an artificial nymph float, but I give all my dry flies a complete bath in oil followed by a long, slow dry, so that they become absolutely impregnated with oil before they go a-fishing. The oil bath avoids the trouble and the mess involved in carrying an oil-bottle in your waistcoat, and will make even a nymph float at least for a time.



THE WALL OF CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES

(See letter "The Strange Wall")

I use hardly anything but one nymph and find that Size 0 is hardly ever too big for a nymph. The particular nymph is called the brown nymph. Of course, trout will take it under the surface as well as on the surface, but it is easier to see that they have done so if the fly is actually floating.

In my opinion, nymph fishing on a sunny day with active greedy trout swirling and scooping in all directions is the cream of dry-fly fishing. Of course, on a wet day the natural fly after hatching floats quietly down the surface, instead of rising into the air almost as soon as it has shaken off its nymph case. It then becomes easier for the trout to catch the subimago than the nymph and they cease to bother about those active little creatures. Then is the time for a winged or hackle imitation of the subimago and not of the nymph, or, as the purists say, for dry-fly fishing.

One more tip for Major Jarvis and others concerning "tailers," i.e. fish that are burrowing after shrimp. Most people seem to imagine that tailing fish are unassailable. Not at all, provided that the fly can be got down to their level, and that the fisherman can be in a position to see the fish all the time. For such fish I always use Little's Fancy, with a hook as long as my second finger-nail, well sucked and allowed to come down without drag as near as possible on the level of the fish. Watch for the white mouth to open, and strike when the fish turns back to his station, not before. This same size of Little's Fancy is a first-rate salmon fly in low water, and is easily the best wet fly for sea trout in day-time that I know.—ANTHONY BUXTON, Horsey Hall, near Great Yarmouth.



THE TITHE BARN AT WICHENFORD

(See letter "A Fine Tithe Barn")

AVERCAMP: PAINTER OF THE ICE WORLD

DRAWINGS IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION, WINDSOR CASTLE

By LEO VAN PUYVELDE,
Director of the Belgian Royal
Museums of Fine Art

THE famous collection of Old Master drawings at Windsor Castle, one of the richest in the world, contains many examples—exactly 49—by the seventeenth-century Dutch artist Hendrik Avercamp. Although their provenance is unknown, it is not to be wondered at that they were deemed worthy of acquisition, for they are masterly executed drawings, and are also very agreeable, particularly to the English taste. In the first place their appeal is enhanced by delicate water-colouring. Then they have a quality of precision which imparts reassurance to those who like exact reproduction of reality. And with all this they never fail to be entertaining, even when portraying only a single figure.

Avercamp found his favourite subjects, at least in the works of his maturity, among the pleasures of the seventeenth-century Dutch folk on the ice. He never tires of observing the behaviour of skaters and walkers on the expanse of frozen meadow and canal. With an amused eye he notes how people strike out with long and confident strokes, moving across the slippery floor with an elegance and ease lacking in their habitual gait upon dry land. He rejoices in the ice as providing an open-air meeting-place for the everyday life of the small town. With wit he shows the complacency of the wealthy citizens, dressed all in their best, strolling on the ice to see and be seen, or displaying their skill at the popular game of *kolf-spel*, a form of ice-golf (Fig. 3).

He delights in revealing how, at least on the ice, husbands and wives double their power by linking themselves together with a long pole tucked under the arm; or how fair ladies receive the addresses of their richly dressed suitors. Or again, he tells with an exquisite humour some story, as that of the *Lovers on the Ice* (Fig. 2), where two couples who have been skating in company draw up before the parents who have walked to meet them and now await their return on the bank. The lads, though somewhat clumsy, do not lack assurance, while the maidens, attired in their tight bodices and numerous woollen skirts, betray their embarrassment alike in their



1.—COMMON FOLK ON THE ICE

expression and their attitudes. They are apprehensive of the glances only partially screened by the mask with which their mother has protected her face from the biting wind.

Often we see in Avercamp's drawings persons of quality taking their part in public winter amusements. A coloured drawing in the Teyler Museum at Haarlem shows the "Winter King" Frederick V, the Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, with his suite; he was forced in 1620 to seek refuge in Holland with his consort Elizabeth, sister of King Charles I of England. The names of these personages appear in an engraving after this drawing by C. Ploos van Amstel. They were received in 1626 at Kampen, where Avercamp lived and may well have met them.

It is probably they who are depicted in a delicate drawing in the royal collection, *Gentlefolk in a Horse-drawn Sleigh* (Fig. 4). One of the two ladies, seated in the sledge, might well be Elizabeth (the Winter Queen) and the driver might be her royal consort. Here, where the artist was representing important personages, he strikes a more serious note and applies himself to the faithful rendering of the rich dresses. It is to be noted that the driver wears either the broad ribbon of an Order or

else the suspension of a sword over the right shoulder; and there are indications upon the hangings of the tailboard, upon which he is perched, which might even be intended for the royal arms. Very attractive is the figure of the groom who skates with so much assurance beside the august equipage, the disengaged sleeves of his jerkin tied behind his back—much as his master's sleeves fall empty from the shoulder.

Upon occasion the artist, usually so detached and amused, betrays concern in the presence of tragedy. One day he sees an overladen sleigh crash through the breaking ice; passengers and horse flounder desperately in the icy water, while help comes from all sides (Fig. 5). On the spot the artist rapidly scribbles his immediate impressions in red chalk, and later, on returning home, he works over it in pen and ink. Little in the first hasty sketch is changed apart from the disentangling of the lines and consequent definition of the forms. Nevertheless the lapse of time, as ever, has blunted the impact; in retrospect after a happy ending the potential tragedy is seen as an entertaining misadventure, and we like to smile over the danger. Here the horse, fallen in the ice, still trots along: it is a horse and does not understand what has happened. Let us note also the cunning eye with which the horse on the left watches this human scene: is not this the point of this tale?

Many aspects of this peculiar art of Avercamp are cleared up when we learn that it is the work of an artist who was dumb. Possibly indeed he may have been even deaf as well, though as to this we have no clue. He may not have been a poor man and surely he was not an outcast.

He was born at Amsterdam in 1585; his father settled in the little town of Kampen as a surgeon-apothecary. In the municipal accounts the name of the young artist is only once met: when in 1622 there was "paid to L. Hendrick Avercamp the dumb (*de Stomme*) for the painting of two horses on the wall of the stable of the town, 12 guilders." Pictures by "the Dumb Man of Kampen" are often mentioned in the old records. From certain of his drawings Miss Clara J. Welcker, who has studied his life, deduces that he made excursions in Holland, and that he probably made a journey along the Mediterranean coast. In 1633, his aged mother sought and obtained from the magistrate of the town permission to execute a special will, in which reference is made to a privileged annuity for her "dumb and miserable son."

He did not however long enjoy this privilege, for his burial took place on May 15 of the following year, 1634.



2.—LOVERS ON THE ICE

We may assume that his infirmity made him a lonely man. It must have been difficult for him to communicate with his fellows. We may picture him with a notebook and pencil, ready at all times to make his point clear by illustration. And since Nature had happily endowed him with the gift of drawing (which a necessity doubtless sharpened) he formed the habit in his isolation of confiding to his sketch-book his reactions to the activities which he observed around him.

The question arises whether his affliction had any effect upon his art. It is not easy to answer.

It would be natural for one unable to express himself in words (even perhaps deprived of contact by hearing) to seek to "deliver" himself by other methods, and to do it with unusual intensity. Think of Beethoven after deafness descended on him. Think of van Gogh. His incandescent temperament denied its normal outlet in intercourse with friends: his letters to his brother are tragic, and we see in his painting a poignant acuteness in which every stroke of the brush rings like a sharp cry of release.

Avercamp, it is true, was not so full of artistic fire; nevertheless we may see, I think, in his style how frustration impelled him to condense his forms by means of precise outlines.

I submit that if the eye is highly sensitised, like that of this dumb man, it is able to see in actual life the constructional lines of such figures as these reproduced. We can discern the heightened powers of observation of this sealed mind, the acuteness with which this artist, confined to himself, transfixes pulsating life by means of static and solid drawing. An academic artist would have tackled many of these skating pictures, by first determining the axis, in order to pose the figures? But in reality a human body in simple action appears not to have a static equilibrium, since the balance is perpetually changing. This mute artist has observed this. The mind sealed up in silence developed the talent for observation and invention just as the blind become uncannily acute of hearing.

May we not also trace another consequence of his infirmity in the stillness which appears to reign throughout the drawings of his maturity? His simplified landscapes are pervaded by a quietude which is enhanced by the distance of the lightly-indicated horizon.

We might expect to find in his art another consequence of his affliction, for surely it would afford no cause for surprise had it been characterised by a spirit of melancholy and gloom. But the genius of the real artist is, I think, not subject to the logical deductions of our common sense.

Avercamp was the painter of pleasures on the ice. In his drawings we see the elegant society of his time disporting itself; and this to a greater extent than with those other draughtsmen who in all ages have specialised upon winter scenes, for with him Nature takes a back seat; the proper study of mankind is man.

Nor are his colours dim, as might be expected. We have to wait until the arrival of the modern French impressionists to find colouring so bright and luminous. This artist to whom speech was denied was the first and most able among his contemporaries to express the pure serenity of the winter landscape, with its blanched soil and limpid heavens. The winters which he knew were those which, between 1610 and 1620, seem to have been excessively severe in Holland. He chronicles man's joyous revenge upon treacherous Nature, which hardens the rivers and strews the ground with snow. In his drawings we see man turning calamity to his entertainment. I myself have partaken in these communal festivities which the good people of Holland provide for themselves by skating on the canals and meadows linking their villages and towns, and I, too, have experienced the delights of social gatherings on the ice and felt the exhilaration of moving with ease and swiftness over the illimitable fields of transparent ice under a bright sky in the crisp air.

This sentiment of sociability, this clear poetry of the ice-world, is the hall-mark of the Dumb Man of Kampen. He created the *genie* of the snowscape in Dutch painting. Adriaen van der Venne, Esaias van de Velde, Arend Cabel, were practising it at the same time and later; but none has given us the sensation of the ice-blue floor, nor the sharp atmosphere, nor the figures interlacing in all their clarity. For none had so acute a perception of the spangled brightness of winter, nor set himself to fix his own artistic reactions with the simplest and the most fitting mediums of representation.

The photographs, of originals in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle, are reproduced by gracious permission of M. the King.



3.—ICE-GOLF



4.—NOBILITY IN A SLEIGH



5.—A SLEIGH THAT HAS CRASHED THROUGH THE ICE

HAND-MADE CHAIR LEGS

Written and Illustrated by C. F. F. SNOW

THE chair-leg turners of the Chilterns have held a high place among rural craftsmen for many years. Now, unfortunately, their number grows ever smaller, for the machine, coupled with the demand of the age for speed and low prices, has almost forced them out of business. Had it not been for a genuine love of their work, which seems to be bred in them, it is doubtful whether any would be working at the present time. As in so many other country crafts, only elderly men are left who can do the work, for the long hours and scant pay do not appeal to the younger generation; hence apprentices are few and far between.

Some of the turners, or "bodgers" as they are called locally, use the primitive pole lathe, others the more modern fly-wheel lathe. Those who use the pole lathe usually work in the woods, moving from one wood to another as the suitable trees are used up. They work in a rough hut, which affords protection from the weather, but can be easily taken down and transported.

The pole lathe turns the leg both ways, by the winding and unwinding of the cord, but it is only on the inward turn that the bodger uses his chisel; by the use of the wheel lathe the slight pause while the leg revolves outward is avoided.

Among those turners who use the wheel lathe is Samuel Rockall, who comes of a family of chair-leg turners. He fells his trees himself and has them drawn to his home, where he saws them into lengths. These great logs are split into pieces suitable for turning into chair legs, by means of a beetle and axe. This is done on a large low chopping-block in the shed that houses the wheel lathe. Actually there are two wheel lathes in this particular shed, for Mr. Rockall is training his elder son to follow in his footsteps, and already the son uses the lathe with considerable skill.

A second block, higher than the first, is used for the next stage of the work—that of chopping or trimming the roughly split wood. An unusual axe, with a short curved handle, known as a turner's axe, is used for this. At one time these axes were a familiar sight in this part of the world, but the steady decline of chair-leg turning has almost caused the disappearance of this typical turner's tool.

The draw-shave horse comes into use next, and while the wood is held firmly by means of a foot-controlled vice, the worker uses a draw shave to shave the wood into the rough shape of a chair leg. Most of the Chiltern wood-workers use the same type of shaving horse, whether they make tent pegs or chair legs. The



THE MOST SKILLED PART OF THE WORK—THE TURNING
As the leg revolves at great speed the worker uses the chisel, and rings appear as if by magic

only difference seems to be in the degree of comfort demanded by the worker. Some stoic sit on the hard, narrow plank which forms part of the shaving horse; others fit an old chair seat, or even a pneumatic cushion for comfort.

Most of the workers possess an array of two-handled draw shaves, sharpened until their edges are like razors.

Samuel Rockall is no exception to this rule, and his draw shave strips long slivers from the beech with amazing swiftness. The wood is shaved smooth and the ends are tapered, and a rough chair leg begins to emerge from the split log.

Now begins the most fascinating and skilled part of the work—the actual turning. The partly finished leg is fixed firmly in the lathe, and the appropriate chisels are selected and, if their cutting edge does not satisfy the craftsman, sharpened. This particular turner is proud of his lathe, which embodies a small invention of his own. The adjustable pin, or poppet head, which holds the leg at one end, revolves with the wood, thus making the work easier.

In most wheel lathes this poppet head remains stationary, and must be kept constantly greased to ensure that the legs revolve easily. This simple improvement cost its inventor much thought and some loss of sleep, but its effectiveness has repaid him amply through long years of work.

As the work proceeds, the leg revolves at great speed, the worker plies his chisel, and ball-turned rings appear on the chair leg as if by magic, while curls and whorls of wood fly in all directions. Some hang themselves on the bodger's cap and shoulders; others cover lathe chopping-blocks and floor with a creamy foam of shavings. All these shavings, together with the larger trimmings and unsuitable pieces of wood, are used as fuel, a commodity which the chair turner's little cottage never lacks!

The surface on either side of the decorated part is then chiselled down to perfect smoothness. The finished leg, which a few minutes before was a rough log, is strong and flawless, and as beautifully turned as only a craftsman with years of experience could turn it.

Big legs for smoking-chairs, small legs for the chairs of nursery folk, plain legs and legs with elaborate decoration—all these are fashioned by the skilled hands of Samuel Rockall.

Nor are chair legs the only things made in this primitive workshop on the edge of the

common. Complete chairs, ladders, bellows, trays, and many other articles in wood, both useful and beautiful, have been made here. Unfortunately, chair-leg turning is so poorly paid that it does not allow the workers much leisure in which to practise these spare-time crafts. Nevertheless, Mr. Rockall's cottage, with its open fireplace and iron fire-dogs, contains many examples of his skilled wood-work.

These country craftsmen live among the beech woods which they love, and which, by their constant "thinning" of the trees, they have done so much to preserve and beautify. Though they work hard and swiftly, the restless rush of the age has not touched them. The silence of the deep woods and their solitary occupation have stilled their tongues of idle talk, but they talk readily about their work and speak regretfully of the days when each village in the district could boast a dozen or more bodgers. One and all, they display a fully-justified love of their craft and a pride in their well-finished work.



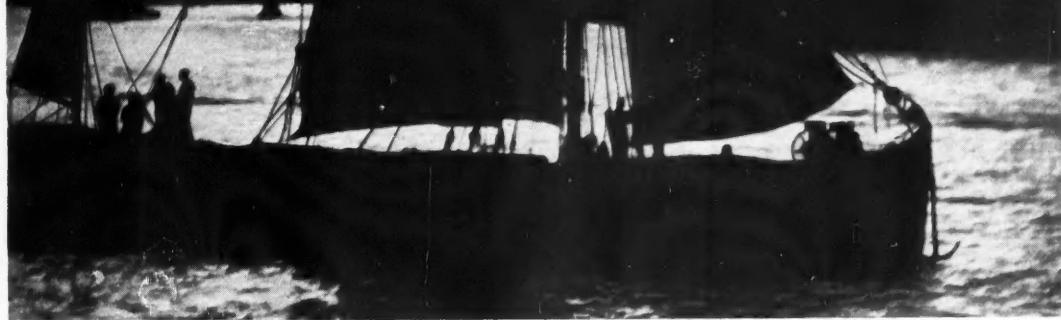
SAMUEL ROCKALL WITH TYPES OF CHAIR LEGS HE MAKES



FINALLY THE LEGS ARE STACKED IN THE OPEN TO WEATHER

*“the which
on Thames’
broad aged
back do
ride . . .”*

EDMUND SPENSER.



On the waters of the Thames—now older by three and a half centuries than when these words were written—the dark tugs and barges still steal noiselessly through the night towards the sea. Noiselessly, but not, now, invisibly. For full navigation lights are allowed again, and from the helm can be seen the brilliant illuminations on the river-banks. Why not? There is no enemy overhead. And none ahead—where the trade routes lie to Bremen, Rotterdam and Bordeaux. For this is the world-after-the-war. The days of restoration and re-construction. When travel and transport will be freed again. Then will appear on the roads the post-war Standard models—built for the post-war world. World of progress and infinite possibilities! But now—toil and thrift and tears, until the Victory shall be won . . .



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Lord Hirst, of Witton, Chairman and Managing Director in his Chairman's Speech at the G.E.C. Annual General Meeting, July, 1942

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will again be the creation
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Commercial Vehicles**

THE ROOTES MANUFACTURING GROUP

FARMING NOTES

ANOTHER 200,000 ARABLE ACRES WANTED

IT was cheering last week to find so much of the heavy clay land of the East Midlands sown safely to wheat and a strong plant established. Some of the fields are obviously having their first turn in corn as tufts of dead turf are lying on the top. They would be better buried underneath for the sake of appearance, but I have not found that it matters to the crop if some of the turf has worked up to the surface again, though it must be dead or else the grass will grow again and compete with the corn. Indeed, I rather like to see bits of the old turf sprinkled through the soil, showing that the ground has been thoroughly worked. Heavy implements, particularly heavy disc harrows, and high-power tractors make us revise our ideas of dealing with tough clay land. If the turf is turned over in late summer and well worked about into September it is now proved beyond question that the old terrors of crop failures can be disregarded. More ample use of phosphates must also have a good effect in giving the autumn corn a good fillip in the seedling stage so that it grows away quickly from the wireworm. But I put my faith in timely and thorough cultivations, letting in the summer sun and letting the rooks and other birds make a meal of the grubs in the soil. For the 1943 harvest we shall have a big extra wheat acreage and, judging by what I have seen on the heavy clays, the extra acreage on new land as well as old has been sown in good conditions. For the moment we can do no more to deserve success with the autumn-sown wheat.

* * *

NOW that Mr. Hudson has asked for another 200,000 acres of grass land to be scheduled for the 1943 harvest in addition to the 800,000 already covered by ploughing directions, we shall all have to look round more closely to see whether another field can be found somehow for tillage crops. The main drive now is for extra barley to be sown in the spring. No doubt there are a few thousand more acres of thin top land that can be broken from now until March or even April to go straight into barley. But barley is not a first crop that many farmers would like to take on old turf that is full of fertility. Barley is so liable to lie down flat before harvest. It seems to me that the demand for more barley can best be met by switching some of the existing arable to barley and growing oats on the turf yet to be ploughed. Just as important as more barley is more kale and roots on the small dairy farms which are still a long way from being self-sufficient in winter feeding-stuffs. Would it not be a good plan for a general rule to be made that every farmer should grow two acres of kale and roots for every ten cows in his milking herd? The man who has an ample supply of roots and good hay has the best foundation for winter feeding. Silage is an excellent supplement, but I pin my faith to roots and hay.

* * *

AMONG my dairying friends I find a ready acceptance of the advice which the Ministry of Agriculture has been giving on bulking as many cows and heifers as possible in December so as to get them calving down early in the autumn next year. More winter milk is the goal. Several have told me that they shut up the bull in October and November and let him run with the cows again in December. To help matters further they have been giving their heifers a ration of protein in the last few weeks to keep them in step too. This is an important point. The plane of nutrition is often low in mid-winter when cattle are getting only what they can pick on the pastures and some straw. Another important point is to give the cows and heifers calving in autumn and winter some preliminary feeding so that they start off the lactation period with a swing.

Some farmers are not generous enough in the month before calving. If no compound cake can be spared for the down-calvers they should have oats and peas or beans (equal parts of each) and, failing a supply of these, at least some good hay and kale to give them a start. I think I am right in saying that the War Agricultural Committees will make a special allowance of feeding-stuff coupons for down-calving heifers. It pays to treat them well, whether they are to come into the milking herd or go into the auction-ring. A freshly calved commercial Shorthorn with a good bag fetched £90 at the local auction recently. Others which had not the same preparation made £35 and £40. Inherently they were as good cattle, but the star turn looked like giving four gallons a day and the others promised no more than two gallons.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SHORT SUPPLY AND KEEN DEMAND

THE volume of property dealt with in the closing year has been small compared with that in pre-war periods, but the demand has revived very much in recent months, and there has been no difficulty in disposing of investments large or small, and the trend of prices has begun to be upward. The real strain on agents has been the immense amount of detailed work incidental to much of the service they have been called upon to render to their clients, in regard to requisitioning and compliance with the flood of official requirements relating to every class of property. The work has been the less easy on account of the departure of so many of the members of the staffs into the Services. A considerable percentage of these skilled and experienced assistants, as well as men who carried on "one-man businesses," are now placing at the call of the country in the Services the utmost energy and a full measure of their professional ability in the solution of the vast number of problems arising out of the purchase or tenancy of real property, and the valuation of chattels. It would surprise some people, who looked upon parts of the syllabus of pre-war professional training as superfluous, to find how useful has been, for example, the grounding in practical surveying which was provided for in some professional courses of study. It cannot be doubted that much of the work these assistants are doing in the Services must not only keep them professionally well practised, but give them a new angle of observation when the time comes for them to return to private practice.

UNPRECEDENTED CONDITIONS

SO far as the business of 1942 is concerned, comparison with any previous period is of small and doubtful utility. There is no period with which an exact comparison is possible. Certainly one that occurs to the mind—the third year of the war of 1914-18—affords no basis, and 1941 differed from 1942 in so many essential features as to make it useless as a standard. But after all, need this be regretted? Mathematicians maintain, and rightly, that in a business so largely dependent on a variety of chances as is that in real estate (speaking of chances as implying the inflow of property to the market) nothing that has happened in the past, or is happening in the present, can affect what comes after. Dame Fortune will play even a larger part in the immediate future, seeing what fundamental changes are contemplated in regard to the whole fabric of real estate. Only one thing emerges undeniably from the general trend of business in 1942, and that is the increasing desire of investors to acquire realty, and the concurrent realisation by owners that they have a good thing, and their resolve to hold on to it. For this reason the chief events in the market in 1942 have been realisations on behalf of executors. Such sales always enjoyed the fullest attention of buyers, and nowadays they draw a crowded company.

PROPERTY AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

ABOUT ten years ago an enterprising agent issued bold advertisements in COUNTRY LIFE suggesting the suitability of a house or other real

THERE does not seem to be an overwhelming response to the Milk Marketing Board's offer to get 10,000 dairy farmers started on a simple milk-recording scheme on January 1. The idea is that for a fee of 2s. a cow the Milk Marketing Board will keep records for the farmer and send someone to check the milk yields of each individual cow every three months. In the intervening months the farmer is to do the weighing himself—on the same day each month. From the figures thus obtained the technical men will be able to give the farmer detailed advice on his feeding programme and quote the rations that each cow should have from the supplies available on the farm. This is an efficiency measure that can pay big dividends. The full milk-recording scheme, established for long but not attractive to the ordinary farmer who dislikes book work of any kind, is a more accurate guide, but the "junior" scheme to be started on January 1 would certainly assist many farmers to get better results than they do by working haphazard. The trouble is, of course, that the men who most need advice and guidance will not bother to weigh and record milk yields even once a month. Still, it is all to the good that a start is being made. CINCINNATUS.

property as a Christmas present. Those who adopted his suggestion were, of course, offered all the assistance in his power in the selection from his own lists of an appropriate gift. It will hardly be seriously contested that real estate is not a very convenient type of present at Christmas or any other time, always excepting transferences to the National Trust.

"A GIFT HORSE"

THE accustomed owner or purchaser of houses, if asked to weigh the arguments for and against giving, say, a house to someone who, by ties of family or good service, has a right to substantial recognition, might begin by pointing out that such a gift, even of the smallest type of dwelling, must be costly. He might even say that such is the competition to-day among small local investors that the small house, let on a weekly tenancy, is relatively the most expensive to buy. He would point out that in most cases an acceptable offer of a house must be of one situated in some locality pleasing to the recipient, whether it is to be the recipient's own abode or merely a possible source of a small rental.

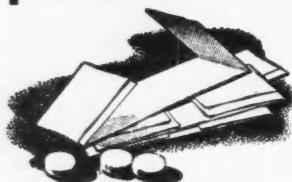
He would add that real estate is, of all things saleable, the most time-wasting in the procedure of transfer. That is to say, supposing the gift to be notified to the perhaps embarrassed recipient in December, it would be, with luck, about Lady Day before possession would be granted. He might go on to remind the donor that the greatest care would have to be taken to select a house in reasonably good order, for, assuming some outlay of much less than £100 to be needed to put it in repair and decorative condition, the recipient might scrutinise his new acquisition less in the spirit of gratification than of looking a gift horse in the mouth.

A DEED OF GIFT

AS we write we have at hand, while investigating a title to London freeholds, a deed of gift engrossed on an ample parchment, wherein the donor recited that "out of his natural love and affection" he bestowed on his wife the house wherein they lived. The parties to the deed have long since been gathered to their fathers, but enough is apparent for anyone to infer the peculiar joy with which the pater familias viewed the possibility of transferring a valuable freehold by a deed bearing but a ten shilling stamp. Examination of the rest of the documents relating to the same houses reveals that his satisfaction was ill-founded for the authorities came down on his executors within a few months for the full duty, the gift having been arranged too shortly before the death of the donor.

On the whole, whether as Christmas presents or at any other period of the year, property is not a very convenient gift, and those who have an uncontrollable impulse to give substantial presents do better to choose some more negotiable medium, one that involves no trouble or expense for the new owner. Yet only an incurable pessimist could be trusted to decline such a present: anyone else would cheerfully face the responsibilities of ownership. ARBITER.

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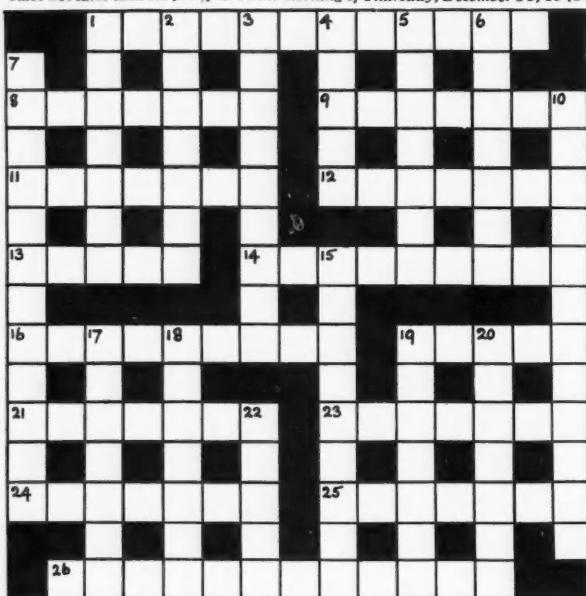
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CROSSWORD No. 674

A prize of two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 674, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, December 31, 1942.



Name.....

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 673. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of December 18, will be announced next week.

ACROSS. 1, Slot machine; 9, Means; 10, Jealously; 11, Eats; 12, Frill; 13, Bees; 16, Idris; 17, Tropic; 19, Velvet; 20, Baron; 22, Ruhr; 23, Green; 24, Cede; 27, White mice; 28, Pride; 29, Pretty Polly. DOWN. 1, Scatters; 2, Oast; 3, Majority verdict; 4, Cradle of the deep; 5, Idol; 6, Easier; 7, Imperial crown; 8, Eyes and no eyes; 14, Aster; 15, Limbs; 18, Greedily; 21, Shrimp; 25, Bede; 26, Opal.

ACROSS.

- Keats was anxious to know what could ail him (three words, 6, 2, 4)
- Loss of memory (7)
- A beret might have saved him from hanging (7)
- Mixed in twist for noodles (7)
- Windswept hall in New Bond Street (7)
- We can't dress up to these nowadays (5)
- Do they control profits or prophets? (9)
- Would it make a black-and-white omelette? (two words, 6, 3)
- Yarn hidden in half a Blenheim orange (5)
- Perhaps the thread dances negatively? (7)
- Not used as a rule for catching flittermice (7)
- How to remake vile hay (7)
- Put sand in it (7)
- Important in modern comedy (two words, 5, 7)

DOWN.

- Did the Roundheads get a large mat ration here the night before Edgehill? (7)
- Lord Caldecote's way of mounting the Bench, no doubt (two words, 2, 5)
- A Mutual Friend's grave character (9)
- Said to be just as good as Pharpar to a bathe (5)
- Where farmers used to compete for a remodelled sow's hat (two words, 2, 5)
- Ill-feeling over the Channel (7)
- Where Shakespeare's soldier sought the bubble (two words, 7, 5)
- How does the Navy collect all that cold dust? (12)
- Polite Nazi's term for you or me (9)
- "Confuse me with Regan!" Cordelia might have said, "Well, we are closely related" (7)
- This one was the Peninsula (7)
- Envisage in advance (7)
- Where the tan terrier is kept in the yard? (two words, 4, 3)
- The mad hatter's was 10s. 6d. (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 672 is

Mr. Donald Hopewell,
Arkholme, By Carnforth.

**Quo Vadis?**

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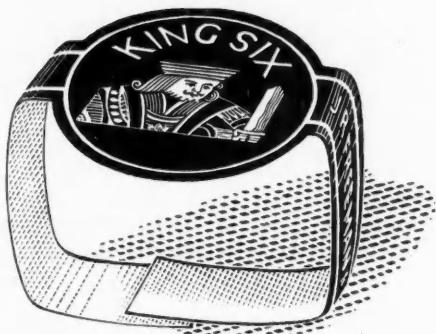


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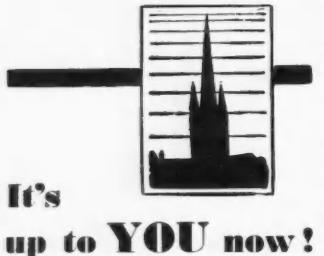
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NEW BOOKS

TWO DAYS THAT CHANGED HISTORY

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

HOW many weeks, days, hours, may be necessary to change the course of history? Most people, I imagine, would agree now that the Germans cannot win this war. But if they had pushed on after Dunkirk and given England all they had? Or if they had taken Moscow?

No one has yet satisfactorily explained the failure to invade England in the summer of 1940. I have read innumerable guesses: any one of them may be right; all of them may be wrong. Perhaps we shall never know the truth of it.

The next year came the strange affair before Moscow. If we are to believe a certain Russian captain, whose opinion is quoted by Mr. Quentin Reynolds in *Only the Stars are Neutral* (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), the destiny of the world was altered in a day.

Mr. Reynolds is an American newspaper correspondent. He was in Moscow when the Germans were pressing towards the city, and was one of the many people who were suddenly hustled away east to Kuibyshev. There was a general expectation that Moscow would fall. It didn't. Why?

A TRAP SUSPECTED

Some time later, the Russian captain gave this explanation to Mr. Reynolds: "The Nazis had taken Mozhaisk. They had broken through, and there was nothing between them and Moscow but a clear undefended road. We got that news on the morning of October 15 and honestly expected that they'd be in Moscow by nightfall. For some reason or other, the Hun suspected a trap. . . . So he hesitated. He had his advance motor-cyclists there and his light tanks, and had he pushed on nothing would have stopped him. But he delayed a day, and by then we had reinforcements up there. It snowed heavily that night, too, and that threw him off. Seems funny to think that the Hun could quite easily have captured Moscow on the night of October 15 if he had followed his usual course of rushing ahead every time he broke through. Moscow would have fallen; maybe—who knows?—Russia would have followed, and think what that would have meant to Britain and America."

Mr. Reynolds is one of the few newspapermen who have been permitted to see Stalin. He was present at the banquet with which the Beaverbrook-Harriman mission was welcomed at the Kremlin. He gives us the menu, which includes such delicacies

as smoked sturgeon and sturgeon in champagne. He says the Russian Premier is "not the forbidding frowning figure of a million posters." He is a "little man, rather bow-legged. . . . His left arm is slightly withered and

he carries it close to the body, which almost hides the defect." He was "smiling affably . . . and when Stalin laughs, he laughs with his eyes, too. Stalin looks the kind of man you would like to know better."

Mr. Walter Oakeshott's *Founded*

Upon the Seas (Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.) takes us back to an earlier threat of invasion: that of the "invincible" Armada of Spain. Those who believe our present woes are a divine punishment for slack living will find interest in a prayer which shows that such notions were current in Elizabeth's day, too.

It was uttered in St. Paul's at a service of thanksgiving when the Spanish ships were finally scattered: "We cannot but confess, O Lord God, that the late terrible intended invasion of most cruel enemies was sent from Thee, to the punishment of our sins, our pride, our covetousness, our excess in meat and drink, our security, our ingratitude and our unthankfulness towards Thee for so long a time."

Is it with some intent of irony that Mr. Oakeshott, having given us this prayer with its depreciation of covetousness, goes immediately on: "Success should be followed up by an expedition to the Azores to strike at the treasure fleet"?

RELIGION AND RAPACITY

This mixture of religion and rapacity is one of the main notes of the Elizabethan age, and perhaps this is why religion which differed from the religion of the English State was never interfered with unless its practitioners aimed at the security of the State itself. Mr. Oakeshott produces an interesting piece of evidence on this point—"a letter written to the Spanish ambassador in France by Richard Leigh, a seminary priest who was executed for high treason committed at the time that the Spanish armada was on the seas. . . . It is not true, he says, that men were hanged and burnt for being Catholics. They died indeed protesting the Catholic faith. But they died because they were traitors, inciting men to rebellion against the Queen and her Government."

This fits in precisely with Mr. A. L. Rowse's argument in *Tudor Cornwall* that the executed recusants died not because they were Catholics

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but because they were political "fifth columnists."

Mr. Oakeshott's book is concerned with the maritime achievements of the Elizabethan and early Stuart period. The author sees, and makes his readers see, the unifying ideas behind the protagonists: thus we have the picture of an age, as well as a series of portraits of the men who made it and were made by it, in that subtle give-and-take that exists between time and personality. Interesting, too, is the study of the contrast between the Spanish ships of war and the rakish fleet that defeated them.

THE BEAUTIFUL BOOKS

Two books to be commended for their beauty are Mr. Robert Gibbings's *Coming Down the Wye* (Dent, 12s. 6d.) and Mr. C. F. Tunnicliffe's *My Country Book* (The Studio, 15s.). In each case the author illustrates his own writing and the publisher has seen to it that writing and drawing are worthily presented.

The growing industrialisation of life must inevitably produce rebels who will on no account bow the knee to it. Mr. Gibbings is one of these. He does not denounce the world of stone and steel: he renounces it. He does not denounce anything; he is content to enjoy, to find what he wants and take it to his heart, and tell us about it with pen and pencil.

He is no hermit, though he is a lover of solitude. But a day by the river is apt to end with an evening in a bar-parlour, and he appears to have a great gift for human companionship. Towards the end of the book he goes to live alone in a house by mere on a Welsh mountain, but ever and again he sallies forth to meet his neighbours or is visited by them. From all of which it appears that his withdrawal from the cruder aspects of contemporary life is not the churlish reaction of a morose personality, but the conscious choosing of his own path by one who is a great lover of living.

This book of the journey which Mr. Gibbings made down the Wye, from its beginnings on Plinlimmon to its junction with the Severn, is joy recorded with beauty. The birds, beasts and flowers of the earth, and the men no less, the fishes and rocks of the water, the legends and living events of villages and townships, provide him with page after page of happy writing and lovely drawing. It is a treasure book—better, I think, than his own *Sweet Thames, Run Softly*, and that is saying a lot.

"COLTS IN THE SNOW"

With Mr. Gibbings, the writing and the drawing are a well-matched pair. This is not so with Mr. Tunnicliffe's book. Here, the drawing is the thing; the writing is a—well, hardly unnecessary but certainly not important accompaniment.

But the pictures! How lovely they are! I opened the book first at one called *Colts in the Snow*, and it went straight to my heart. They are big shaggy colts, rough in their winter wool, standing with the immense patience of horses up to the fetlocks in the snow. The great trunks of leafless trees make their background, and the landscape falls at their feet into a plain stretching away in miles on miles of muted whiteness. A lovely picture, by a man who *felt* intensely what he saw.

And so it is with all the pictures in this book. They are country scenes: a fine stallion, terrible in his might; a "bull in a rage," breathing fire and

fury; pigs asleep, a superb composition of glutted sloth; landscapes, leaping salmon, flying hawks, and geese beautifully decorative upon a Cheshire mere. Some are in colour; most are black and white.

The accompanying letterpress tells briefly the outline of the artist's life. His father was a Cheshire farmer, and the child's earliest pictures were scribbled in chalk on barn doors. This displeased the farmer, who threatened chastisement; but grace was at last given him to see, and he began to encourage the boy with gifts of paint and drawing-pads. Blessings on his head! No doubt, one so deeply endowed as Mr. Tunnicliffe would have gone forward anyhow; but with this encouragement he went forward quickly, to what ultimate effect you may see here for yourselves.

NOVELS OF WAR

Novels written about great events while they are still in progress are apt to be compilations of raw material rather than works of art. Chunks of "descriptive material" lie about asking to be included willy-nilly, and the emotions of the author are hotly engaged, blurring the precision that a shaped work calls for. And this is why, though some great novels will no doubt come out of this war, no novel has yet come that will survive as more than a document. Thus far, the journalists have it. When the din is over and the dust has died down, the novelist will be able to do something significant.

These reflections were emphasised in my mind by the reading of Miss Eunice Buckley's *Destination Unknown* (Dakers, 8s. 6d.). It is the story of a great many Jews, some naturalised in England, some refugees from Europe, all related to one another, all living in London.

There are too many of them for the book to have coherence or significance. The reader's interest is dissipated, and no focus of personality is provided. There is Ruth's love affair with a young exiled Czech landowner; there is Camilla's love affair with a middle-aged nerve-wrecked Austrian journalist; there is Ferdinand Ebermann's love for his son, joined up in the English forces. None of these is given dominance; the interest swings from one to another, with minor interests thrown in for good measure, and the result is a chaos of emotions rather than that clarity of insight which a good novel displays. For the thousandth time there are descriptions of the bombing of London.

Despite the flaws of her present book, Miss Buckley has considerable gifts. Her characters are alive and her descriptions are convincing, and many people, I imagine, will read *Destination Unknown* with appreciation of her pity for the luckless jetsam of the war.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

MISS M. Forster Knight, who is both naturalist and artist, has created in *Mr. Tittlewit's Zoo* (Country Life, 7s. 6d.) something quite out of the ordinary run of books for children. Bandit Rat is holding Sandypaws the rabbit to ransom for an incredible sum in nuts and Mr. Tittlewit, a mouse of infinite resource and sagacity, and all the decent, kind-hearted animals, in order to raise it and release him, decide to start a Zoo where the exhibits will all be insects. This leads to adventures of the most uncommon and amusing kind which the author has delightfully illustrated. S.

THE FRAGRANT WEED



TOBACCO-SMOKING

is said to have been introduced into Britain by Sir Walter Raleigh. How many of the millions of smokers to-day realise how much the satisfaction of their desire for a "smoke" depends upon the chemist? Tobacco is a crop which no less than wheat or coffee needs appropriate fertilisers. The tobacco plants are liable to pests and diseases, many of which must be fought by chemical weapons. The curing and preparation of the tobacco present chemical problems of unexpected complexity. The leaf must be kept in condition from the time it is shipped to its final cutting and blending. The cigarette paper must pass stringent chemical tests. Tobacco by itself, whether in pipe, cigar or cigarette, is of little use without the means to light it—as we are coming to realise as matches get more and more difficult to obtain. A box of matches is a triumph of chemical investigation. The striking part of the ordinary match contains a compound of phosphorus and of potassium chlorate. Gum, sulphur, colouring-matter and impregnating substances for the stalk are among other chemicals needed for the manufacture of the humble match and provided by the British chemical industry. It is further to the credit of the industry that as matches get scarcer, cigarette lighters increase in quantity and efficiency. These are a further tribute to chemical research and production from the mixture of cerium and other rare metals in the so-called flint (natural flint does not give nearly enough spark for modern needs) to the material of the ribbed wheel and the petrol refined from natural mineral oils or even, it may be, derived from British coal by the hydrogenation process.



No. 11 in the "Services of an Industry" series
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The Tailored Suit for Next Year

IN Fashion 1942 will be remembered as the year which saw the tailor-made undisputed master of style, recognised as the best value for coupons; as the year when women learnt to buy their tailor-mades as a man buys a suit—to last. The suits of 1942 were the trimmest on record, cut from firm, hard-wearing, smooth-surfaced suitings stolen from the men, materials woven in the great tradition of English tailoring, ageless, exquisite in quality, inconspicuous in design, the kind that falls into a suit. The result was bound to be good, and women have looked better-dressed than for years in these neat clothes with a total absence of fuss. Austerity regulations hardly hit these classic tailor-mades—the great tailors have always stuck to the simplest of lines. Fit became more important than ever before, not merely from the point of appearance, but from the economical standpoint. An ill-fitting suit wears out where it folds in the wrong place, or pulls out at the

This is Lillywhites's shirt in fine wool with stiffened cuffs, and polo collar, very smart in nigger brown with a sleeveless angora jerkin in a hepatica blue.



PHOTOGRAPH DENES



Tweed checked and over-checked in mixed colours with two big pockets on the cross and a box-pleated skirt. Nicoll Clothes.

seams, and either way does not last. Fortunately, England is a land of good tailors, and, as a great deal of this high-class work has always been done by the older men, an army of good tailor-mades was still possible and has made the year memorable.

The smartest hat of the year has been the Wiens' sailor cap, worn a trifle differently at first, I thought, but now cocked in real sailor fashion at a dashing angle. It shows just how chic a uniform can be. The munitions girl had her overalls designed for her by Digby Morton, a well-balanced outfit in khaki drill. These three-piece overalls are practical by reason of the apron which takes the bulk of the machine dirt and wear, smart at the same time because this self-same apron gives the most slim-making of lines. The rubber shortage brought clogs into the factories and clogs into the garden, and brought lacing back on our foundation garments to preserve precious rubber. Snoods and handkerchiefs got brighter and brighter as 1942 progressed and there was an epidemic of maidens with gay triangles tied peasant fashion under the chin. The hair-style of the year had been the coil rolled up smoothly all round over a ribbon or a circular bone band, tied in a bow in front

at the parting. Bags have lost all their metal frames and become satchels. "Fashioned" stockings got scarcer and scarcer during 1942 and silk ones go out with the year.

Nineteen-forty-two has seen the Utility CC41 label become a familiar feature in all the shops; general price-control has meant the virtual disappearance of the traditional shopping prices of guineas and elevenpences on which we were brought up and the appearance of a new range. Utility shirts receive full marks as excellent value, and are a great success, above all the white rayon pique shirts and the polka-dotted ones in fine wools. Corduroy Utility slacks have been another winning number, and Brevitt's laced walking shoe with welted sole and a stitched seam down the centre, a first-rate design. But the biggest rush of all has been for the Utility cups and saucers, which were snapped up on sight. As a nation we break cups and saucers on a ratio of five to one against the number manufactured

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J N D E R R O Y A L P A T R O N A G E



"Little Jack Horner Sits in a Corner . . ."

With a dreamy half-smile on his face, and his thumb hopefully crooked in readiness to "pull out" a large and succulent plum! Poor wee chap. Is he doomed to disappointment? Will his smile be turned to tears because there will be no Christmas Pie?

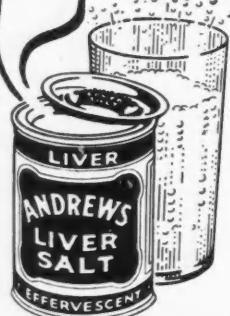
There are many such little Jack Horner—yes, and Jill Horner too, and their Pie-less lot is not so much a question of rationed food, as rationed love. Some of them are the victims of human frailty, some unloved, or deserted

10/- WILL HELP FEED TWO CHILDREN FOR A WEEK AT CHRISTMAS

Christmas Gifts gratefully received by the Secretary, W. R. Vaughan, O.B.E., Church of England WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY, Evacuation Headquarters, JOEL STREET, PINNER, MIDDLESEX.

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"shirtmaker" pyjamas in blue and
white, or red and white, to wear
under a masculine
dressing-gown. They can also be
had in flannel and other striped
shirtings.

last year—hence the stampede for ordinary, everyday ones, pleasant to live with, wanted in many homes, not absolutely cupless, but to preserve Grandmama's cherished Rockingham from destruction. The unsophisticated rag dolls of last century carried all the honours in toy bazaars where metal and wood and many other items are barred as an ingredient for doll-making.

ACCESSORY departments have completely changed. Many things have disappeared, but novelties continue to crop up—you can't keep a good idea down. Aromatic fir cones scented like the old-fashioned pomander are perfuming the great stores.

Marshalls have any number, tied up with ribbon, most attractive, and with a heavenly perfume. At Harrods are shoe sets ready to be made up into easy house slippers, complete with soles and linings. They are two-coloured, in tweed and felt, or just felt, and cost 5s. 11d. and 6s. 11d. Shoe trees are replaced by pads of brocade that stuff firmly into the toes. There were more pearls worn than ever last year. The making of artificial jewellery has ceased, and pearls and antique jewellery are replacing the exotic novelties of pre-war days.

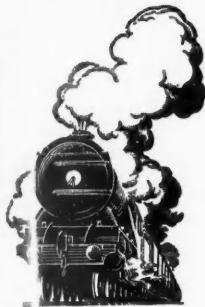
Crinoline, used for Ascot hats and for stiffening the hems of peace-time *bouffant* organdie evening frocks, now makes shopping bags, very dainty-looking but actually quite strong. Fortnum and Mason have these. The string bag heads the list as the biggest selling accessory of the year, clasped in the brightest hands, for knitted gloves were and are fashionable in all the gaudy colours of bunting.

Nineteen-forty-two has seen an orgy of patchwork, emerging as caps, scarves, coatees, children's dressing-gowns and pinafores, etc., from the piece bags. Similarly, Fair Isle; the number of infants with Fair Isle mitts assumed colossal proportions. Their mothers have copied them and Fair Isle emerges as one of the leading fashion styles of the year, as it undoubtedly will be in 1943. It is exactly right for the neutral-toned tweeds in herring-bone and diamond patterns that are being shown in the collections ready for the spring.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



Shirts for the tailor-made : in men's shirting with stiffened collar, cuffs and bow tie and a Utility in pebble crepe with a yoke slipping over the shoulders. Both from Finningans.



Wisdom for War Time

MANY a maxim grows so familiar that we are apt to overlook its wisdom.

“Patience is a virtue” comes home to all of us today with freshened meaning. Especially when you find McVitie & Price Biscuits less easy to come by.

Don’t forget the need for saving transport, shipping space, fuel, labour, which, of necessity, ever grows more urgent, and which must mean for each and every one of us some unaccustomed sacrifice accepted, to be sure, with good-will, good sense and British good humour.

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HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

WHAT

IS A HEALTHY

DIET?

Before the war many people suffered from malnutrition because they picked the wrong foods from large and varied supplies. Now, the way to be well fed is to make sure of picking the right foods which are still available, even though supplies may be restricted.

Keep a few good sound principles well in mind. *Natural foods are the best*—vegetables contain important vitamins and become plentiful from time to time; National Wheatmeal bread has many valuable elements which were lacking in white bread; milk is available for children, who need it most. Fish liver oil—another natural food—contains the protective and bone-forming vitamins and is an essential supplement to everyone’s diet, whether grown-ups or children.

The newspapers, the B.B.C. and the Ministry of Food are constantly publishing excellent recipes. You will find it pays you well to follow them. Diet should be varied if you are to make the best use of it.

Think carefully about food selection. It is well worth your while.

*This is one of a series of announcements issued to support
of the Government’s food policy by the makers of*

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